



*J. Birch Sculp.*

*Pub. by Ber Dornin Bookseller & Stationer N<sup>o</sup> 35 College Green.*





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THE  
BRITISH ALBUM.

CONTAINING THE

P O E M S

OF

DELLA CRUSCA, ANNA MATILDA,  
ARLEY, BENEDICT, THE BARD, &c. &c. &c.

Which were originally published under the Title of

**The Poetry of the World.**

REVISED AND CORRECTED

BY THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHORS.

THIRD EDITION.

ALSO,

A POEM, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,

CALLED

THE INTERVIEW,

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

AND OTHER CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

---

*Oft from her careless Hand the Wand'ring Muse  
Scatters luxuriant Sweets, which well might form  
A living Wreath to deck the Brows of Time. ANON.*

---

D U B L I N:

Printed by Bernard Dornin, (35) College-Green.

M DCC. XC.

RICHARD BRINTLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

CONTEMPORARY

SIR,

As these Poems were originally in-  
scribed, by permission, with your name, I beg  
leave to offer them to you again in a more com-  
plete, finished, and correct form.



By so doing, I am enabled to send you a  
present of a copy of the Poems, which I have  
the honor to enclose herewith. I am, Sir,  
Your most obedient servant,  
RICHARD BRINTLEY SHERIDAN.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

THE EDITOR

Dec. 20, 1789.

D. B. L. S.

TO

*RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq;*

SIR,

AS these Poems were originally inscribed, by permission, with your name, I beg leave to offer them to you again in a more complete, finished, and correct state.

By so doing, I not only gratify the private sentiments of respect, which I feel for your character and talents, but I render justice also to the superior excellence of the Poetry itself; for those Productions will necessarily be allowed to possess intrinsic merit, and to deserve their fame, which have received the sanction of the best Critic, the first Scholar, and the most admired Genius of the Age.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

*Dec. 20, 1789.*



P R E F A C E

THE reputation of the author of this work is so well established, that it is not necessary to say more of him at present, than what may be necessary to explain the nature of the work. It is a history of the reign of George the Third, from the year 1760 to 1783, and is intended to be a continuation of the history of the reign of George the Second, which was published in 1768. The author has endeavored to give a full and accurate account of the events of the reign, and to show the causes and consequences of the various measures taken by the government. He has also endeavored to give a full and accurate account of the private life of the king, and of the various persons who were connected with him. The work is intended to be a history of the reign, and not a biography of the king. It is intended to be a history of the reign, and not a biography of the king. It is intended to be a history of the reign, and not a biography of the king.

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## P R E F A C E.

*THE reputation of the following POEMS is so well established, that it would be useless to say more of them at present, than what may be necessary to gratify future curiosity. It is therefore sufficient to observe, that through the medium of a DAILY PRINT, they were first presented to the Public, and obtained that general notice, to which they are so eminently, and so justly entitled.*

*It ought, however, to be recorded, of the celebrated Correspondence between DELLA CRUSCA and ANNA MATILDA, that its genuine enthusiasm arose entirely from poetical Sympathy; for till chance, of late, procured them an interview, they were totally unacquainted with each other, and reciprocally unknown.*

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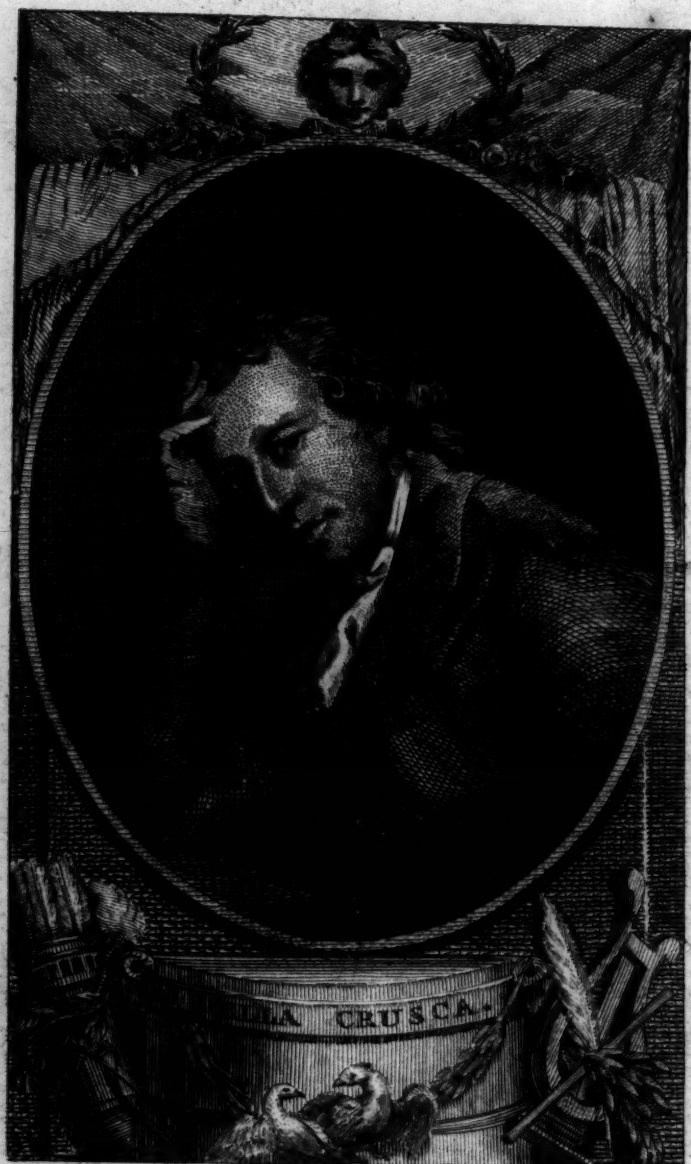
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J. Ford Sculp.

Pub. by Ben Dornin Bookfeller & Stationer 235 College Green.

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THE  
BRITISH ALBUM.

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THE ADIEU AND RECALL TO LOVE.

GO, idle Boy! I quit thy pow'r;  
Thy couch of many a thorn, and flow'r;  
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,  
Deceitful Beauty's timid mien;  
The feign'd surprise, the roguish leer,  
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,  
Have now no pangs, no joys for me,  
So fare thee well, for I am free!  
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,  
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,  
Or take thy bev'rage from the rose,  
Or on *Louisa's* breast repose:  
I wish thee well for pleasures past,  
Yet bless the hour, I'm free at last.

But sure, methinks, the alter'd day  
Scatters around a mournful ray;  
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,  
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows;

No rapture swells the linnet's voice,  
 No more the vocal groves rejoice ;  
 And e'en thy song, *sweet Bird of Eve !*  
 With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,  
 Now scarce regarded meets my ear,  
 Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.  
 No more with devious step I choose  
 To brush the mountain's morning dews ;  
 " To drink the spirit of the breeze,"  
 Or wander midst o'er-arching trees ;  
 Or woo with undisturb'd delight,  
 The pale-cheek'd Virgin of the Night,  
 That piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,  
 Throws on the ground a silv'ry show'r.  
 Alas ! is all this boasted ease,  
 To lose each warm desire to please,  
 No sweet solicitude to know  
 For others bliss, for others woe,  
 A frozen apathy to find,  
 A sad vacuity of mind ?  
 O hasten back, then, heav'nly Boy,  
 And with thine anguish bring thy joy !  
 Return with all thy torments here,  
 And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.  
 O rend my heart with ev'ry pain !  
 But let me, let me love again.

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,  
 June 29, 1787.

TO

## TO DELLA CRUSCA.

## THE PEN.

O! SEIZE again thy golden quill,  
 And with its point my bosom thrill ;  
 With magic touch explore my heart,  
 And bid the tear of passion start.  
 Thy golden quill APOLLO gave——  
 Drench'd first in bright Aonia's wave :  
 He snatch'd it flutt'ring thro' the sky,  
 Borne on the vapour of a sigh ;  
 It fell from *Cupid's* burnish'd wing  
 As forcefully he drew the string ;  
 Which sent his keenest, surest dart  
 Thro' a rebellious frozen heart ;  
 'That had till then defy'd his pow'r,  
 And vacant beat thro' each dull hour.

Be worthy then the sacred loan !  
 Seated on Fancy's air-built throne ;  
 Immerse it in her rainbow hues,  
 Nor, what the Godheads bid, refuse.  
 APOLLO, CUPID, shall inspire,  
 And aid thee with their blended fire.



The *one*, poetic language give,  
 The *other* bid thy passion live;  
 With soft ideas fill thy lays,  
 And crown with Love thy wintry days!

ANNA MATILDA,

THE WORLD,  
 July 10, 1787.

---

TO ANNA MATILDA.

I KNOW thee well, enchanting Maid,  
 I've mark'd thee in the silent glade,  
 I've seen thee on the mountain's height,  
 I've met thee in the storms of night;  
 I've view'd thee on the wild beach run  
 To gaze upon the setting sun;  
 Then stop aghast, his ray no more,  
 To hear th' impetuous surge's roar.  
 Hast thou not flood with rapt'rous eye  
 To trace the starry worlds on high,  
 T' observe the moon's weak crescent throw  
 O'er hills, and woods, a glimm'ring glow:  
 Or, all beside some wizard stream,  
 To watch its undulating beam?

O well

O well thy form divine I know—  
 When youthful errors brought me woe;  
 When all was dreary to behold,  
 And many a bosom-friend grew cold;  
 Thou, thou unlike the summer crew  
 That from my adverse fortune flew,  
 Cam'st with melodious voice, to cheer  
 My throbbing heart, and check the tear.  
 From thee I learnt, 'twas vain to scan  
 The low ingratitude of Man;  
 Thou bad'st me Fancy's wilds to rove,  
 And seek th' ecstatic bow'r of Love.  
 When on his couch I threw me down,  
 I saw thee weave a myrtle crown,  
 And blend it with the shining hair,  
 Of *her*, the Fairest of the Fair.  
 For this, may ev'ry wand'ring gale  
 The essence of the rose exhale,  
 And pour the fragrance on thy breast,  
 And gently fan thy charms to rest.  
 Soon as the purple slumbers fly  
 The op'ning radiance of thine eye,  
 Strike, strike again the magic lyre,  
 With all thy pathos, all thy fire;  
 With all that sweetly-warbled grace,  
 Which proves thee of celestial race.  
 O then, in varying colours dress,  
 And living glory stand confest,

Shake from thy locks ambrosial dew,  
 And thrill each pulse of joy a-new ;  
 With glowing ardours rouse my soul,  
 And bid the tides of Passion roll.  
 But think no longer in disguise,  
 To screen thy beauty from mine eyes ;  
 Nor deign a borrow'd name to use,  
 For well I know——thou art *the* Muse !

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,  
 July 31, 1787.

---

TO DELLA CRUSCA.

THOU bidst !—“ *my purple slumbers fly !*”  
 Day's radiance pours upon my eye.  
 I wake—I live ! the sense o'er pays  
 The trivial griefs of early days.  
 What ! tho' the rose-bud on my cheek  
 Has shed its leaves, which late so sleek,  
 Spoke youth, and joy—and careless thought,  
 By guilt, or fear, or shame unmote ;  
 My *blooming soul* is yet in youth,  
 Its lively sense attests the truth.

O ! I can wander yet, and taste  
 The beauties of the flow'ry waste ;

The

The nightingale's deep swell can feel,  
 Whilst from my lids the soft drops steal;  
 Rapt! gaze upon the gem-deck'd night,  
 And mark the clear moon's silent flight;  
 Whilst the slow river's crumpled wave  
 Repeats the quiv'ring beams she gave.

Not yet, the pencil strives in vain,  
 To wake upon the canvas plain,  
 All the strong passions of the mind,  
 Or hint the sentiment refin'd;  
 To its sweet magic yet I bow,  
 As when Youth deck'd my polish'd brow.  
 The chisel's feath'ry touch to trace,  
 Thro' the nerv'd form, or soften'd grace,  
 Is lent me still. Still I admire,  
 And kindle at the Poet's fire—  
 My torch, at *Della Crusca's* light,  
 And distant follow his superior flight.

*O Time!* since these are left me still,  
 Of *lesser thefts* e'en take thy fill:  
 Yes, steal the lustre from my eye,  
 And bid the soft Carnation fly;  
 My tresses sprinkle with thy snow,  
 Which boasted once the *auburn glow*;  
 Warp the slim form that was ador'd  
 By him, so lov'd, my *bosom's LORD*—

But



But leave me, when all these you steal,  
The mind to *taste*, the nerve to *feel*!

ANNA MATILDA.

*Tuesd. Morn. July 31.*

THE WORLD,  
*Aug. 4, 1787.*

---

TO ANNA MATILDA.

AND art thou then, alas! like me,  
OFFSPRING of frail mortality?

Must ruthless Time's rude touch efface

Each lovely feature's varying grace?

And must tow'ards earth that form incline,

And e'en those eyes forbear to shine?

Yet, when with icy hand he throws,

Amongst thine *auburn locks*, his snows,

The freezing influence ne'er shall dart,

To chill thy warmly-beating heart;

And scorning Death's oblivious hour,

Thou shalt exult—beyond his pow'r.

Methinks, as Passion drives along,

As frantic grown, I feel thy Song;

Eager I'd traverse LYBIA's plain,

The tawny Lion's dread domain

To

To meet thee there : nor flagging *Fear*,  
 Should ever on my cheek appear ;  
 For e'en the Forest's King obeys  
*Majestic WOMAN's potent gaze.*  
 Or left on some resourceless shore,  
 Where never-ceasing billows roar ;  
 With teeming clouds, and heavy hail,  
 And furious hurricanes assail,  
 Far to the Pole—while half the year,  
 On Ebon throne sits NIGHT severe ;  
 And to her solitary court,  
 Sea-fowl, and monsters fierce resort—  
 E'en *there, MATILDA !* there with thee,  
 Impending horrors all should flee ;  
 Thy lustre of poetic ray,  
 Should wake an artificial day.

Sure thou wert never doom'd to know  
 What pangs from care, and danger flow ;  
 But fairest scenes thy thoughts employ,  
 And Art, and Science, bring thee joy.  
 The quick'ning sense, the throb divine,  
 Fancy, and Feeling, all are thine ;  
 'Tis thine, by blushing Summer led,  
 A show'r of roses round thee shed,  
 To hie thee forth at Morn's advance,  
 In wild excess of rapt'rous trance ;  
 And see the Sun's proud deluge stream ;  
 In copious tides of golden beam ;

While

While faint his *Sister-Orb* on high,  
Fades to a vapour of the sky.

When gradual evening comes, to hide,  
In fabling shades, CREATION'S *pride* ;  
When heaving hills, and forests drear,  
And less'ning towns, but scarce appear ;  
While the last ling'ring western glow,  
Hangs on the lucid lake below ;  
Then trivial joys (I deem) forgot,  
Thou lov'st to seek the humble cot,  
To scatter Comfort's balm around,  
And heal pale Poverty's deep wound ;  
Drive Sickness from the languid bed,  
Raise the lorn Widow's drooping head ;  
Render the new-made Mother blest,  
And snatch the Infant to thy breast.

O ANNA, then, if true thou say,  
Thy radiant beauties steal away,  
Yet shall I never fail to find  
Eternal beauties in thy mind.  
To those I offer up my vows,  
And Love, which Virtue's self allows ;  
Unknown, again thou art ador'd,  
As once by him, thy "*bosom's Lord*."

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,  
Aug. 21, 1787.

ELEGY,

## E L E G Y,

Written after having read

## THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

ALAS, poor *Werter*! to himself a prey,  
 The heart's excessive workings could not bear;  
 But sought his native heaven the nearest way,  
 And fled from grief, from anguish, and despair.

The joys of prejudice he scorn'd to own,  
 He pity'd pride, and avarice, and pow'r,  
 But oft on some rude rock at random thrown,  
 He welcom'd Midnight's melancholy hour.

To view the Moon's pale glimpse illum'd the wave,  
 To list the sweeping blasts that sadly blow;  
 Down the rough steep, to hear the cat'racts rave;  
 Such were the pleasures of this *Man of Woe*.

An isolated being here he stood,  
 His strong sensations with how few could blend!  
 The wise, the great, the gay, perhaps the good,  
 They knew him not—they could not comprehend.

CHARLOTTE



CHARLOTTE *alone*, by Nature was design'd  
 To fill the vacuum of his gen'rous breast;  
 He lov'd her beauty, he admir'd her mind,  
 He lost *that* CHARLOTTE—and he sought for rest!

Sure he was right, for if th' Almighty hand,  
 That gave his pulse to throb, his sense to glow,  
 Gave him not strength his passions to withstand,  
 Ah! who shall blame him? he was forc'd to go.

For when the heart from ev'ry hope is torn,  
 When in another's arms the Fair One lies;  
 While Virtue \* goads with unrelenting thorn,  
 The frantic lover bears it not—but dies.

And since there are—amid this wond'rous world,  
 Some of a class distinct, of ardent mind,  
 Thro' Woe's wild waves, by keen emotions hurl'd  
 As the toss'd barks before the boist'rous wind;

Th' Eternal Pow'r, to whom all thoughts arise,  
 Who ev'ry secret sentiment can view,  
 Melts at their flowing tears, their swelling sighs,  
 Then gives them force to bid the world adieu.

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,  
*July 26, 1787.*

\* By preventing any immoral gratification.

ODE

## ODE TO FOLLY.

LET others court Ambition's smile,  
 Or pant for Glory's laurel wreath,  
 With Love's deceitful hopes beguile,  
 Each pensive hour the groves beneath:  
 For you alone my bosom swells,  
 O *Folly*! with your Cap and Bells.

Ye those who feel Ambition's fire,  
 Or Glory's throb, or Love severe,  
 'Tis you, O *Folly*! you inspire,  
 Unnotic'd, but for ever near,  
 The laurels and the myrtles twine,  
 To ornament your tinsel shrine.

When first the dawn of life began,  
 Your smiles my feeble childhood blest;  
 A vot'ry still, or child, or man,  
 I feel your pow'r within my breast.  
 Come, laughing *Folly*, come away,  
 And let us roar, and dance, and play!

For you can charm the fleeting hour,  
 Can bid the wild desires subside,  
 And banish, by your opiate pow'r,  
 The wrongs of Avarice and Pride;

B

Which

Which else would wound with deepest smart,  
And rouse to rage th' afflicted heart.

I love to see you gravely lead  
Majestic Dullness to your shrine;  
Or Bigotry with senseless creed,  
Taking your Orders for Divine;  
Or hear the specious Man of Law,  
Your plausible conclusions draw.

To Britain's Senate when you come,  
To stimulate your fav'rite race,  
And strike the loud bombastic drum  
Of Patriots *in*, or *out* of Place;  
For you more warm my bosom swells,  
I bless you with your Cap and Bells.

But not to *England* is confin'd  
Your sway, dear Mistress of my heart!  
Your chains the serious *Spaniard* bind,  
And *France* is wounded by your dart.  
She smiling views the wound, and tells  
Of *Folly*, with her Cap and Bells.

You led fierce CRILLON to the Rock,  
And enter'd into *Arzon's* brain,  
To make his floating batt'ries shock  
Brave ELIOTT's Tow'r, and fire the main:

You

You bade the forty thousand men  
To march—and to march back again.

The fight was dreadful to behold,  
A fleet, an army, join'd in fight,  
With Princes Royal, Gen'als bold,  
And troops that scorn'd the thoughts of flight;  
Yet *Calpe's* Soldier laughing tells,  
Of *Folly*, with her Cap and Bells.

O hither come with serious air,  
With steady pace, and leaden eyes,  
The solemn-woven tale declare,  
That Spleen's severest frowns defies;  
And prove this globe was cover'd o'er,  
With red hot crust, in days of yore.

Bid many a circumstance combine,  
To make us comprehend the whole,  
And what now grows beneath the Line,  
Find petrified beneath the Pole.  
Then strive the contr'ry to implant,  
And wave your wand and we shall grant;

With clear discussion plainly show,  
That all this worldly symmetry,  
Was hid in water long ago,  
And sprang like *Venus* from the sea.



While on the inland mountain's height,  
Sea-shells confirm th' opinion right.

So shall I love you, ever-changing !

And what is most ador'd to-day,  
From system still to system ranging,

To-morrow shall be thrown away,  
And in the never-settled round,  
A glorious vacancy be found.

In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,

Your num'rous Altars have been rear'd,  
Where oft have bow'd the Sons of Rhyme,

And suppliant Kings have oft appear'd.  
Then still-for you my bosom swells,  
O *Folly*, with your Cap and Bells !

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,  
Sept. 27, 1787.

FROM

## FROM THE RUSSIAN.

**I**F life be doubtful as a dream,  
 Amidst th' impenetrable gloom,  
 Let Fancy dart her vivid ray ;  
 Enough of ev'ry mournful theme !  
 Tho' sad appear the mortal doom,  
 Ah ! steal a moment to be gay.  
 When clust'ring clouds deform the sky,  
 And Silence feels th' embrace of Night,  
 When not a glimm'ring star is seen,  
 If chance the silv'ry lightnings fly,  
 Entranc'd we catch the prospect bright  
 Of towns, and streams, and forests green.  
 Lament no more, for nought can change  
 Our lot, by Heaven's high will assign'd,  
 But smile—for grief cannot endure,  
 This active thought that loves to range,  
 To-morrow shall be unconfin'd,  
 And dwell in endless bliss secure.

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,  
 Oct. 23, 1787.

E L E G Y,

WRITTEN ON THE  
PLAIN OF FONTENOY.

CHILL blows the blast, and Twilight's dewy hand  
Draws in the West her dusky veil away ;  
A deeper shadow steals along the land,  
And NATURE muses at the DEATH of DAY !

Near this bleak Waste no friendly mansion rears  
Its walls, where Mirth and social joys resound,  
But each dim object melts the soul to tears,  
While Horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

As thus, alone and comfortless I roam,  
Wet with the drizzling show'r ; I sigh sincere,  
I cast a look towards my native home,  
And think what valiant BRITONS perish'd here.

Yes, the time was, nor very far the date,  
When carnage here her crimson toil began ;  
When Nations' Standards wav'd in threat'ning state,  
And Man the murd'rer met the murd'rer Man.

For

For WAR or MURDER, tho' the voice of Kings  
 Has styl'd it Justice, styl'd it Glory too!  
 Yet from worst motives, fierce Ambition springs,  
 And there, fix'd Prejudice is all we view!

But sure, 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,  
 For thousands ev'ry age in fight to fall;  
 Some NAT'RAL CAUSE prevails, we cannot see,  
 And that is FATE, which we *Ambition* call.

O let th' aspiring Warrior think with grief,  
 That as produc'd by CHYMIC art refin'd;—  
 So glitt'ring CONQUEST, from the *laurel-leaf*  
 Extracts a GEN'RAL POISON for Mankind.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,  
 These morbid rains, these gelid gales to meet;  
 And mourn like me, the ravages of Pow'r!  
 And feel like me, that Vict'ry is defeat!

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell  
 My feeble Verse with many a sounding Name;  
 Of such, the mercenary Bard may tell,  
 And call such dreary desolation, Fame.

The genuine Muse removes the thin disguise,  
 That cheats the World, whene'er she deigns to sing;  
 And full as meritorious to her eyes  
 Seems the Poor Soldier, as the Mighty King!

Alike

For



Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,  
 How BRITAIN more than triumph'd, tho' she fled;  
 Where LOUIS stood, where stalk'd the column flow;  
 I turn from these, and DWELL UPON THE DEAD.

Yet much my beating breast respects the brave;  
 Too well I love them, not to mourn their fate,  
 Why should they seek for greatness in the Grave?  
 Their hearts are noble—and in life they're great.

Nor think 'tis but in War the Brave excel,—  
 To VALOUR EV'RY VIRTUE IS ALLIED!  
 Here faithful Friendship 'mid the Battle fell,  
 And Love, true Love, in bitter anguish died.

Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,  
 That checks life's current circling thro' my veins;  
 Bath'd in moist sorrow, many a beauteous face;  
 And gave a grief, perhaps, that still remains.

I can no more—an agony too keen  
 Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues,  
 Hard were that heart which here could beat serene,  
 Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

But lo! thro' yonder op'ning clouds afar  
 Shoots the bright planet's sanguinary ray  
 That bears thy name, FICTITIOUS LORD OF WAR!  
 And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

Then

Then FONTENOY, farewell! Yet much I fear,  
 (Wherever chance my course compels) to find  
 Discord and blood—the thrilling sounds I hear,  
 “ The noise of battles hurtles in the wind.”

From barb’rous *Turkey* to *Britannia’s* shore,  
 Opposing int’rests into rage increase ;  
 Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,  
 Ah ! where shall hapless man repose in peace !

# DELLA CRUSCA.

Oct. 15, 1787.

THE WORLD,  
 Nov. 16, 1787.

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## STANZAS TO DELLA CRUSCA.

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[Received forty hours after the publication of the preceding  
 Essay.]

HUSH'D, be each ruder note !—Soft silence  
 spread,  
 With ermine hand, thy cobweb robe around ;  
 Attention ! pillow my reclining head,  
 Whilst eagerly I catch the golden sound.

Ha !

Ha! What a tone was that, which floating near,  
 Seem'd Harmony's full soul—*whose* is the lyre?  
 Which seizing thus on my enraptur'd ear,  
 Chills with its force, yet melts me with its fire.

Ah dull of heart! thy Minstrel's touch not know,  
 What Bard but DELLA CRUSCA boasts such skill?  
 From him alone, those melting notes can flow—  
 He, only knows adroitly thus to trill.

Well have I left the Groves, which sighing wave  
 Amidst November's blast their naked arms,  
 Whilst their red leaves fall flutt'ring to their grave,  
 And give again to dust May's vernal charms.

Well have I left the air-embosom'd hills,  
 Where sprightly Health in verdant buskin plays;  
 Forsaken fallow meads, and circling mills,  
 And thyme-dress'd heaths, where the soft flock yet  
 strays.

Obscuring smoak, and air impure I greet,  
 With the coarse din that Trade and Folly form,  
 For here the Muse's Son again I meet—

I catch *his* notes amidst the vulgar storm.  
 His notes now bear me, pensive, to the Plain,  
 Cloath'd by a verdure drawn from Britain's heart;  
 Whose heroes bled superior to their pain,  
 Sunk, crown'd with glory, and contemn'd the smart.

Soft,

Soft, as he leads me round th' ensanguin'd fields,  
 The laurel'd shades forsake their grassy tomb,  
 The bursting sod its pallid inmate yields,  
 And o'er th' immortal waste their spirits roam.

Obedient to the Muse the acts revive  
 Which Time long past had veil'd from mortal ken,  
 Embattled squadrons rush, as when alive,  
 And shadowy falchions gleam o'er shadowy men.

Ah, who art thou, who thus with frantic air  
 Fly'st fearless to support that bleeding youth;  
 Bind'st his deep gashes with thy glowing hair,  
 And diest beside him, to attest thy truth?

" His Sister I; an orphan'd pair, we griev'd,

" For Parents long at rest within the grave,

" By a false Guardian of our wealth bereav'd—

" The little ALL parental care could save.

" Chill look'd the world, and chilly grew our hearts,

" Oh! where shall Poverty expect a smile?

" Gross lawless Love assumed its ready arts,

" And all beset was I, with Fraud and Guile.

" My Henry fought the war, and drop'd the tears

" Of love fraternal as he bade farewell;

" But fear, soon made me rise above my fears,

" I follow'd—and Fate tolls our mutual knell."

Chaste



Chaste Maiden, rest; and brighter spring the green,  
 That decorates the turf thy bloom will feed!  
 And oh, in softest mercy 'twas I ween,  
 To worth like thine, a Brother's grave's decreed.

The dreadful shriek of Death now darts around,  
 The hollow winds repeat each tortur'd sigh,  
 Deep bitter groans, still deeper groans resound,  
 Whilst Fathers, Brothers, Lovers, Husbands die.

Turn from this spot, blest Bard! thy mental eye;  
 To hamlets, cities, empires bend its beam!  
 'Twill there such multiplying deaths descry,  
 That all before thee'll but an abstract seem.

Why waste thy tears o'er this contracted Plain?  
 The sky which canopies the sons of breath,  
 Sees the whole Earth one scene of mortal pain,  
 The vast, the universal BED OF DRATH!

*Where*, do not Husbands, Fathers, dying moan?  
*Where*, do not Mothers, Sisters, Orphans weep?  
*Where*, is not heard the last expiring groan,  
 Or the deep throttle of the deathful Sleep!

If, as Philosophy doth often muse,  
*A state of war, is natural state to man,*  
 BATTLE's the sickness bravery would choose—  
 Noblest DISEASE in Nature's various plan!

Let

Let vulgar souls stoop to the fever's rage,  
Or slow, beneath pale atrophy depart,  
With Gout and Scrophula *weak* variance wage,  
Or sink, with sorrow cank'ring at the heart;

These, be to common Minds, th' unwish'd decree!  
The FIRM select an illness more sublime;  
By languid pains, scorn their high souls to free,  
But seek the Sword's swift edge, and spurn at  
Time.

ANNA MATILDA.

Sat. Nov. 17th.

THE WORLD,  
Nov. 23, 1787.

---

TO ANNA MATILDA.

ON the sea-shore with folded arms I stood,  
The Sun just sinking shot a level ray,  
Luxuriant crimson glow'd upon the flood;  
And the curl'd surf was ting'd with golden spray.

Far off I faintly track'd the feath'ry sail;  
When thy sweet numbers caught my yielded ear,  
Borne on the bosom of the flutt'ring gale,  
They struck my heart—and rous'd me to a tear.

Yet flow'd no bitter anguish from mine eye,  
 A while remembrance left my wayward state ;]  
 And the soft cadence of thy warbled sigh,  
 Pour'd healing balm into the wounds of Fate.

What tho' grim Winter's desolating frown,  
 The wild waves uproar when rough *Eurus* blows,  
 The tangled forest, and the desert down,  
 Be all the solace DELLA CRUSCA knows:

Yet from MATILDA's pure celestial fire,  
 One ruby spark shall to his gloom be given,  
 Lur'd by its light, his fancy may aspire,  
 And catch a ray of bliss—a glimpse of Heaven.

Vain in the morn of life, and thoughtless too,  
 He rush'd impetuous as strong passion drove,  
 But soon each flatt'ring prospect fled his view,  
 Deceiv'd by Friendship much, but more by Love.

Yes, he has lov'd to Transport's dire excess,  
 Has felt the potent eye inflict the wound ;  
 Has felt the female voice each pulse oppress,  
 And grown a breathless statue at the sound.

But why recall the moments that are fled ?  
 For ever fled, like yonder sweeping blast ;  
 With Love, each active principle is dead,  
 And all, except its sad regret, is past.

Ah !

Ah! had he met thee in his happier hour,  
 Ere yet he languish'd in the gripe of Care,  
*Thy Minstrel* then had fondly own'd thy pow'r,  
*Thy Minstrel* then might have escap'd Despair.

O diff'rent lot! for he who daily grieves,  
 Then with thy beauty blest, and gen'rous mind,  
 Had not, like fallow Autumn's falling leaves,  
 Been shrunk, alas! and scatter'd in the wind.

Haply, he had not roam'd for ling'ring years  
 On many a rugged Alp, and foreign shore;  
 He ne'er had known the cause of all his tears,  
 The cherish'd cause, that bids him—hope no more.

He would have led thee with attentive gaze,  
 Where the brown hamlet's neighb'ring shades retire,  
 Have hung entranc'd upon thy living lays,  
 And swept with feebler hand a kindred lyre.

While the *dear Songstress* had melodious stole  
 O'er ev'ry sense, and charm'd each nerve to rest,  
*Thy Bard*, in silent ecstasy of soul,  
 Had strain'd the *dearer Woman* to his breast.

Or had she said, that *War's the worthiest grave*,  
 He would have felt his proud heart burn the while,  
 Have dar'd, perhaps, to rush among the brave,  
 Have gain'd, perhaps, the glory—of a smile.



And 'tis most true, while Time's relentless hand,  
 With sickly grasp drags *others* to the tomb,  
 The soldier scorns to wait the dull command,  
 But springs impatient to a nobler doom.

'Tho' on the plain *he* lies, outstretch'd, and pale,  
 Without one friend his stedfast eyes to close,  
 Yet on his honour'd corse shall many a gale,  
 Waft the moist fragrance of the weeping rose.

O'er that dread spot, the melancholy Moon  
 Shall pause a while, a sadder beam to shed,  
 And starry Night, amidst her awful noon,  
 Sprinkle light dews upon his hallow'd head.

There too the solitary Bird shall dwell  
 With long-drawn melody her plaintive throat,  
 While distant echo from responsive cell,  
 Shall oft with fading force return the note.

Such recompence be Valour's due alone !  
 To me, no proffer'd meed must e'er belong,  
 To me, who trod the vale of life unknown,  
 Whose proudest boast was but an idle song.

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,  
 Dec. 5, 1787.

TO

## TO DELLA CRUSCA

**I** HATE the tardy Elegiac lay—  
 Chuse me a measure jocund as the day!  
 Such days as near the ides of June  
 Meet the Lark's elab'rate tune,  
 When his downy fringed breast  
 Ambitious on a cloud to rest,  
 He soars aloft; and from his gurgling throat  
 Darts to the earth the piercing note—  
 Which softly falling with the dews of morn  
 (That bless the scented pink, and snowy thorn)  
 Expands upon the Zephyr's wing,  
 And wakes the burnish'd finch, and linnnet sweet to  
 sing.

And be thy lines irregular and free,  
 Poetic chains should fall before such Bards as thee.  
 Scorn the dull laws that pinch thee round,  
 Raising about thy verse a mound,  
 O'er which thy muse, so lofty! dares not bound.  
 Bid her in verse meand'ring sport;  
 Her footsteps quick, or long, or short,  
 Just as her various impulse wills—  
 Scorning the frigid square, which her fine fervor chills.

And in thy verse meand'ring wild,  
 Thou, who art *FANCY's favourite Child*,  
 May'st sweetly paint the long past hour,  
 When, the slave of Cupid's power,  
 Thou couldst the tear of rapture weep,  
 And feed on Agony, and banish Sleep.

Ha! *didst* thou, favour'd mortal, taste  
 All that adorns our life's dull waste?  
*Hast* THOU known life's enchanting pain—  
 Its hopes, its woes, *and yet complain?*  
 Thy senses, at a voice, been lost,  
 Thy madd'ning soul in tumults tost?  
 Ecstatic wishes fire thy brain—  
 These, hast thou known, *and yet complain?*  
 Thou then deserv'st ne'er more to *FEEL*;—  
 Thy nerves be rigid, hence, as steel!  
 Their fine vibrations all destroy'd,  
 Thy future days a tasteless void!  
 Ne'er shalt thou know again to sigh,  
 Or, on a soft idea die;  
 Ne'er on a *recollection* gasp;  
 Thy arms, the air-drawn charmer, never grasp.

Vapid Content her poppies round thee strew,  
 Whilst to the bliss of *TASTE* thou bidst adieu!  
 To vulgar *comforts* be thou hence confin'd,  
 And the shrunk bays be from thy brow untwin'd:

Thy,

Thy statue torn from Cupid's hallow'd niche,  
 But in return thou shalt be dull, and rich ;  
 The Muses hence disown thy rebel lay—  
 But thou in *Aldermanic* gown, their scorn repay ;  
 Crimson'd, and furr'd, the highest honours dare,  
 And on thy laurels tread—a PLUMP LORD MAYOR !

ANNA MATILDA.

ODE TO PRUDENCE.

WHERE didst thou hide thee, CAUTIOUS POW'ER,  
 When first my vent'rous Youth began ?  
 Thou cam'st not to the festive bow'r,  
 Nor at the genial board wert found ;  
 And when the liquid grape went round,  
 Thou never show'dst thy warning face,  
 The wantonness of mirth to chase,

And tell of short *life's shadowy span* :  
 Nor e'er didst prophesy of woe,  
 To chill my breast's impetuous glow ;  
 But provident, and shrewd, from me afar,  
 THOU SUNK'ST TO SOBER REST, WITH DAY'S RE-  
 TIRING STAR !

'Tis



'Tis true, indeed, I thought with scorn,  
 Thy miserable maxims quaint,  
 Were but of sour Suspicion born:  
 "Let selfish souls," I madly cried,  
 "Submit to such a coward guide,  
 "Be't mine to seek the sportive vale,  
 "With Friends, whose truth can never fail,  
 "And banish thence each base restraint!"  
 Dull that I was—I feel it now,  
 And offer late th' imploring vow:  
 Too well convinc'd, who dare thy vengeance urge,  
 Can ne'er, alas! escape an agonizing scourge!

Ah! wilt thou, deign then, to receive  
 Thy Foe, profess'd for many a year?  
 And wilt thou teach him, *not to grieve?*  
 Forget the weakness of past time,  
 When frantic Passion was his crime;  
 When to imperious charms a prey,  
 His Morn of Life stole swift away,

Yet gemm'd by Love's delicious Tear,  
 That bath'd his Bosom with delight;  
 Tho' oft upon the *Gales of Night*,  
 He heard thy whisper'd threat aspire,  
 How could he heed it then—was not his heart on fire?

But now to gain thy frugal smile,  
 Each wonted transport I forego,  
 No more shall Beauty's self beguile,

Altho'

Altho' her blue Orbs softer stream  
 Than the clear Moon's enchanting beam ;  
 Tho' her *still varying* charms arise,  
 As to the hast'ning Traveller's eyes,

HELVETIA'S summer prospects show :  
 Or should MEEK WORTH to me repair,  
 And tell a Tale of deep Despair,  
 I'd strive to bid each fond emotion sleep,  
 Yes, I would turn away !—BUT I WOULD TURN TO  
 WEEP !

Then, as with decent step and mien,

I tread the path of fair repute,  
 Thy Civic hand shall oft be seen,  
 To freight me with the sordid Ore,  
 Which most thy Votaries adore.

Then, then shall FLAGGING FANCY die,  
 Then all my lov'd illusions fly,

Then will I break my rustic Flute :  
 And, as the marble-hearted crowd,  
 Be vainly rich, and meanly proud ;  
 Until I fix, *like yonder blighted Thorn*,  
 That, deck'd WITH GOLDEN BEAMS, NO VERNAL  
 SWEETS ADORN.

DELLA CRUSCA.\*

\* This Ode of DELLA CRUSCA having been mislaid several months, was printed by mistake in the first Edition with the signature of EDWIN.

ODE

## ODE TO DEATH.

**T**HOU, whose remorseless rage,  
 Nor vows, nor tears assuage,  
 TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raise  
 The bursting notes of dauntless praise!—  
 Methinks on yonder murky cloud  
 Thou sit'st, in majesty severe!  
 Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!  
 Thy right-arm lifts th' insatiate spear!  
 Such was thy glance, when, erst as from the plain,  
 Where INDUS rolls his burning sand,  
 Young AMMON led the victor train,  
 In growing lust of fierce command:  
 As vain he cried with thundering voice,  
 “*The World is mine, rejoice, rejoice,*  
 “*The World I've won!*”—Thou gav'st the withering-  
 nod,  
 Thy FIAT smote his heart—he sunk—a senseless clod!

“*And art thou great?*”—Mankind replies,  
 With sad assent of mingling sighs!  
 Sighs, that swell the biting gales,  
 Which sweep o'er LAPLAND's frozen vales!  
 And the red TROPIC's whirlwind heat,  
 Is with the sad assent replete!

How

How fierce yon Tyrant's plummy crest!  
 A blaze of gold illumines his breast,  
 In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,  
 He madly dares to spurn at Fate!  
 But—when Night, with shadowy robe,  
 Hangs upon the darken'd globe,  
 In his chamber—sad—alone,  
 By starts, he pours the fearful groan!  
 From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee,  
 And mutters forth a pray'r—*because* he THINKS OF  
 THEE.

GAYLY smiles the NUPTIAL BOW'R,  
 Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;  
 While the spousal pair advance,  
 Mixing oft the melting gaze,  
 In fondest ecstasy of praise.  
 Ah! short delusive trance!  
 What tho' the festival be there;—  
 The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;  
 And joy and harmony combine!  
 TOUCH BUT THY TALISMAN, and ALL IS THINE!  
 Th' infesstate lovers fix in icy fold,  
 And on his throbbing lyre, the Minstrel's hand is cold!

'Tis THOU can'st quench the Eagle's fight,  
 That stems the cataract of light!  
 Forbid the vernal buds to blow—  
 Bend th' obedient forest low—

And



And tame the monsters of the main;  
 Such is thy potent reign;  
 O'er earth, and air, and sea!  
 Yet, art thou still DISDAIN'D BY ME.  
 And, I have reason for my scorn;  
 Do I not hate the rising morn;  
 The garish noon; the eve serene;  
 The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green;  
 The painted pleasures throng'd resort!  
 And all the splendors of the court!  
 And has not SORROW chose to dwell  
 Within my hot heart's central cell;  
 And are not HOPE's weak visions o'er,  
 Can Love, or Rapture reach me more?  
 Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call *thee* FRIEND,  
 For in thy calm embrace, my weary woes shall end.

### DELLA CRUSCA.

### E L E G Y

ON THE

THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER, 1787.

**Y**ES, I will climb you rough Rock's giddy height,  
 That o'er the Ocean bends his brow severe;—  
 And as I muse on TIME'S NEGLECTED FLIGHT,  
 Wait the last sunshine of the parting Year!

Why

Why do the winds so sadly seem to rave?

Why broods such solemn horror o'er the deep?

It is, that FANCY points the yawning grave;—

And sick'ning, shudders at the pond'rous sleep!

For O! since LAST DECEMBER's hoary head

Bow'd to Oblivion's wave, and sunk beneath,

From this strange World what flutt'ring clouds are fled

To throng the caverns of relentless Death!

And every transitory shade is lost,

That in its course was fondly call'd "To-day!"

Spring's sweets are gone! and Summer's flow'ry boast!

And Autumn's purple honours pass'd away!

And now, tho' WINTER, in rude mantle dress,

Extends his icy sceptre o'er the plain!

Soon shall he sink on APRIL's dewy breast!

And laughing MAY shall re-assume her reign!

But MAN, when once his bright day's flush is o'er,

And Youth's too fleeting pleasures take their wing,

Must on Life's scene re-vegetate no more,

But leap its gulph, to find a second Spring.

And can that *something* each man calls "HIMSELF,"

'Midst this wide miracle of earth and sky,

Waste the swift moments in the toil for self,

Nor raise one thought to Nature's Majesty?

On the Globe's surface creep, a grov'ling worm!  
 Nor joy the noon-tide radiance to behold——  
 Nor trace the Mighty Hand that guides the storm——  
 But deem existence relative to gold?

Ah! since this awful Now remains for me,  
 To think, to breathe, to wonder at the whole,  
 To move, to touch, to taste, to hear, to see,  
 To call the mystic consciousness, *my Soul*;

Fain would I seek a while the sportive shade,  
 Ere the scene close upon this doubtful state;  
 Catch ev'ry painted phantom ere it fade,  
 And leave the vast Uncertainty to Fate.

But GRIEF IS MINE—yet can I quit the crew  
 Whose bosoms burn with avarice and pride,  
 In yon blue vault to quench my thirsty view,  
 Or tell my feelings to the boil'rous tide.

For are there not, as journeying on we go,  
 With pilgrim step thro' an unfriendly vale,  
 Oppression, Malice, Cruelty, and Woe,  
 And do not Falsehood's venom'd shafts assail?

Were it not nobler far, with social love,  
 As fellow-trav'lers in a rugged road,  
 That each the other's evils should remove,  
 And with joint force sustain the gen'ral load?

O! while

O! while such *fancied* happiness I trace,

A glow of gladness runs thro' ev'ry vein;  
Rapture's warm tear steals silent down my face,

And thus I wake the philanthropic strain:

Long, long, may Britain's gen'rous Isle be blest

With foreign fame, domestic joys increase;

At ev'ry insult, shake the warlike crest;

Then wave her laurels in the Bow'r of Peace!

Blest be her Sons in hardy valour bold,

And all who haunt meek Learning's sacred shade;

Th' aspiring young; and the reposing old;

The modest matron; and th' enchanting maid!

And might the BARD upon HIMSELF bestow

One humble wish, that soon his cares may end;

With the dead year, resign his weight of woe!

Or with the thorns of life, at least *some* roses blend.

## DELLA CRUSCA.



## —INVOCATION TO HORROR.

**F**AR be remov'd each painted scene!

What is to *me* the sapphire sky?

What is to *me* the earth's soft dye?

Or fragrant vales which sink between—

Those velvet hills? yes, there I see—

(Why do those beauties burst on me?)

Pearl-dropping groves bow to the sun;

Seizing his beams, bright rivers run

That dart redoubled day:

*Hope* ye vain scenes, to catch the mind

To torpid sorrow all resign'd,

Or bid my heart be gay?

False are those hopes!—I turn—I fly,

Where no enchantment meets the eye,

Or soft ideas stray.

**HORROR!** I call thee from the mould'ring tower,

The murky church-yard, and forsaken bower,

Where midst unwholesome damps

The vap'ry gleamy lamps

Of *ignes fatui*, shew the thick-wove night,

Where morbid **MELANCHOLY** sits,

And weeps, and sings, and raves by fits,

And to her bosom strains the fancied sprite.

Or,

Or, if amidst the arctic gloom  
 Thou toilest at thy fable loom,  
 Forming the hideous phantoms of Despair—

Instant thy grisly labours leave,  
 With raven wing the concave cleave,  
 Where floats, self-borne, the dense nocturnal air.

Oh! bear me to th' impending cliff,  
 Under whose brow the dashing skiff,  
 Beholds Thee seated on thy rocky throne;  
 There, midst the shrieking wild wind's roar,  
 Thy influence, HORROR, I'll adore,  
 And at thy magic touch, congeal to stone.

Oh! hide the Moon's obtrusive orb,  
 The gleams of ev'ry star absorb,  
 And let CREATION be a moment thine!  
 Bid billows dash; let whirlwinds roar,  
 And the stern, rocky-pointed shore,  
 The stranded bark, back to the waves resign!

Then, whilst from yonder turbid cloud,  
 Thou roll'st thy thunders long, and loud,  
 And light'nings flash upon the deep below,

Let the *expiring Seaman's* cry,  
 The *Pilot's* agonizing sigh  
 Mingle, and in the dreadful chorus flow!

HORROR! far back thou dat'st thy reign;  
 Ere **KINGS** th' *historic page* could stain  
 With records black, or deeds of lawless power;  
 Ere empires *Alexanders* curst,  
 Or Faction, madd'ning *Casars* nurst,  
 The frighted world receiv'd thy awful dower!

Whose pen **JEHOVAH's** self inspir'd;  
 He, who in eloquence attir'd,  
 Led *Israel's squadrons* o'er the earth,  
 Grandly terrific, paints thy birth.  
 TH' **ALMIGHTY**, 'midst his fulgent seat on high,  
 Where glowing *Seraphs* round his footstool fly,  
 Beheld the wanton cities of the plain,  
 With acts of deadly name his laws disdain;  
 He gave th' irrevocable sign,  
 Which mark'd to man the hate divine;  
 And sudden from the starting sky  
 The Angels of his wrath bid fly!  
 Then, HORROR! thou presidest o'er the whole,  
 And fill'd, and rapt, each self-accusing soul!  
 Thou did'st ascend to guide the burning shower—  
 On **THEE** th' Omnipotent bestow'd the hour!

'Twas thine to scourge the sinful land,

'Twas thine to toss the fiery brand;

Beneath thy glance the temples fell,

And mountains crumbled at thy yell.

ONCE MORE thou'lt triumph in a fiery storm;  
 ONCE MORE the Earth behold thy direful form;  
 Then shalt thou seek, as holy prophets tell,  
 Thy native throne, amidst th' eternal shades of HELL!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO ANNA MATILDA.

TO THEE a *Stranger* dares address his theme!  
 To thee, proud Mistress of APOLLO's lyre;  
 One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,  
 Prompted by LOVE, would "*set the World on fire.*"  
 Adorn then LOVE, in fancy-tinctur'd vest,  
 Camelion like, anon of various hue;  
 By "*Penseroso*," and "*Allegro*" drest—  
 Such Genius claim'd, when she *Idalia* drew.  
 I see the Pencil on the canvas shine!  
 REYNOLDS admires!—in Science then proceed;  
 The name of *Poet*, *Painter*, both are thine,  
 We view the *speaking painting*—as we read.

REUBEN.

TO



## T O R E U B E N.

**M**IDST the proud fervor of the day,  
 Whilst the sun darts a torrid ray,  
 The humble daisy sinks its head,  
 And faints upon its lowly bed;  
 But when moist eve hath quench'd his fire,  
 And treads the fields in cool attire,  
 This daisy spreads again her bloom,  
 And offers up her mild perfume.

Thus your resuscitating praise,  
 Breathed life upon my dying lays.  
 REYNOLDS ADMIRES! flatt'ry so sweet,  
 With blushing vanity I meet;  
 But, Bard polite! how hard the task,  
 Which with such elegance you ask,  
 When DIDO bade ENÉAS tell  
 The woes he knew to paint so well—  
 Did he not tell the Queen, she tore  
 His closing wounds, and drew fresh gore  
 From stabs that time had almost heal'd?—  
 Such, REUBEN, such, the thorn conceal'd,  
 Within your verses' flow'ry spell,  
 Which barb'rous! dares my pen compel.

Yet how *describe* the various god,  
 T' whom PROTEUS' self's a heavy clod ?  
 Diff'ring in ev'ry diff'ring heart,  
 Scorning to play a constant part,  
 A tyger !—tyrant !—such is he,  
 Whom painted with *bandeau* you see,  
 With downy wings, and childish face,  
 As tho' of the blest Cherub's race——  
 But oh ! a serpent in disguise,  
 And as the lynx, his piercing eyes !  
 A raging fire, a deadly pain,  
 That gentlest heart strings most will strain ;  
 A fever, tempest, madness he——  
 Of all life's ills—A DREAD EPITOME !

Ha ! dost thou fear, and wilt thou run ?  
 The little monster try to shun ?  
 And wilt thou, REUBEN, too succeed——  
 And shall thy bosom never bleed,  
 Never his poison'd rankling dart  
 Quiver within thy burning heart ?  
 Oh, hapless man !—oh, wretched fate !  
 Fly to Love's altar ere too late,  
 And deprecate the doom accurst,  
 Or bid that heart with sorrow burst.

Welcome the deadly fiery pain,  
 That gentlest heart-strings most will strain——

MADNESS IS HIS—but 'tis replete  
 With all that makes life's blessings sweet?  
 A TYRANT he, but oh! his chains  
 Are richer than an empire's gains!  
 Sweet the delirium which by love is spread,  
 Whate'er the paths his raptur'd vot'ries tread!  
 He paints the mist which hangs upon the eve,  
 With colours clearer than the sun can give;  
 'Tis he who lends the nightingale its trills,  
 When her rich pipe the Emyrean fills;  
 Oh! 'tis the softness in his heart  
 Which makes the Lover in her song take part,  
 And faint upon each touching pause,  
 And lengthen out each added clause,  
 Till rapt attention, strain'd too high,  
 Rolls down its gushing tear, and breathes its gentle  
 sigh.

*Charming* to LOVE is MORNING's hour,  
 When, from her crystal roseate tow'r,  
 She sees the Goddess HEALTH pursue  
 The skimming breeze thro' fields of dew:  
*Charming*, the flaming hour of noon,  
 When the sunk Linnet's fading tune  
 Allures him to the beechy grove;  
 Or when some cragg'd grotesque alcove  
 Sounds in his ear its tinkling rill,  
 And tempts him to its moss-grown fill;

*Most*

*Most* charm'd when on his tranced mind,  
 Is whisper'd in the passing wind  
 The name of her, whose name is bliss;  
 Or when he all unseen can kiss  
 The fringed bank where late she lay,  
 Hidden from th' imperious day.

Oh, ye rapt glades, which glitt'ring LUNA decks,  
 Whose stretching shadows her refulgence checks!  
 Oh, ye soft floods, that hang upon the peak  
 Of lofty rocks, and bound in wanton freak,  
 Where thirsty meads your rushing streamlets crave,  
 And crowd their flow'rs around to drink your wave—  
 What are ye all, should love withhold the dart  
 Which wakes nice feelings in the torpid heart?  
 Where is the heart, that would such feelings fly,  
 Or fear th' enchanting, MADD'NING CUP to try?

Must I speak *more* of love? the boundless theme  
 Might run beyond the edge of life's short dream:  
 His spells are blessings—witch'ries so sublime,  
 They triumph o'er distress, and fate, and time.  
 Would'st ask the joys of love? Oh! change the  
 pray'r,

Thou little know'st his pow'r, to fasten there!

Let the mean bosom crave its *love's* return,  
 Thine shall with more distinguish'd ardors burn:

To



To *know* the passion—yes, be that thy strain,  
 Invoke the god of the mysterious pain!  
 Whate'er thy nature—gentle—fiery—rough—  
 To LOVE—learn but TO LOVE—and thou hast bliss  
 enough!

ANNA MATILDA.

ODE TO MRS. SIDDONS.

THEE, *Queen of Pathos*, shall my proud Verse  
 hail,

*Illustrious SIDDONS!* should I go,

Whether to *Zembla's* waste of snow,

Or *Ætna's* cavern'd height, or *Tempe's* vaunted vale;

Or where on *Caucasus* the fierce storm blows,

Or near the violated flood

Of *Ganges*, blushing oft with blood;

Or where his rainbow arch loud *Niagara* throws.

For, not th' exulting Monarch on his throne,

Tho' grateful nations round him bow,

*Is more a Potentate than thou:*

Feeling, and Sense, and Worth, and Virtue, are thy  
 own;

And

And e'en thy mighty spell the soul can sway.

While *Sympathy* with melting eye,

Hangs on thy bosom's fervid sigh,

And finds th' unbidden tear down her hot cheek to  
stray.

Lo! at thy voice, from solitary cave,

With hair erect, peeps forth *pale* FEAR,

Nor will he longer wait to hear,

But flies with culprit haste a visionary grave.

Amongst the hollow mountain's shadowy cells,

*Dark-brow'd* REVENGE, that strangely walks,

And to himself low-mutt'ring talks,

While with convulsive throb his breast unsated swells,

And *gelid* HORROR in the haunted hall,

That with dread pause, and eye stretch'd wide,

Marks the mysterious spectre glide,

Nor dare his flagging knees obey the Phantom's call.

And *lost* DESPAIR with desolating cry,

That head-long darts from some tall tow'r

On fire, at thick Night's saddest hour,

When not a watchman wakes, and not an aid is nigh,

These own thy pow'r—and barefoot MADNESS too,

Dancing upon the flinty plain,

As tho' 'twere gay to suffer pain,

That sees his tyrant Moon, and raving runs to woo.

Alike the mild, benevolent Desires,  
 That wander in the pensive grove,  
 Pity, and generous-minded Love,  
 To thrill thy kindred pulse, shoot their electric fires.

Ah! let not then my fond admiring Muse  
 Restrain the ardor of her song,  
 In silent wonder fix'd so long,  
 Nor thou! from humble hands the homage meet  
 refuse.

And I will hasten oft from short repose,  
 To wake the lily, on moist bed  
 Reclining meek her folded head;  
 And chase with am'rous touch the slumber of the  
 grose.

Then will I bathe them in the tears of Morn,  
 That they, a fresher gale may breathe,  
 Then will I form a votive wreath,  
 To bind thy sacred brows,—to deprecate thy scorn.

But should'st thou still disdain these proffer'd lays,  
 Which choak'd, alas! with weedy woe,  
 Like yon dull stream can scarcely flow—  
 Take from BRITANNIA'S HARP, the Triumph of thy  
 praise.

DELLA CRUSCA.

## ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. WELLS.

O Come, ye fragrant gales that sweep  
 The surface of the Summer deep,  
 Nor yet refuse to waft my lay,  
 And with it fan the breast of May;  
     For humble though it be,  
     It hails benign *Simplicity*.

Why do we haunt the Mountain's side,  
 Ere yet the curling vapours glide?  
 Why mark the *op'ning buds of Spring*,  
 Or trace the shrill Lark's quiv'ring wing?

It is, that then we see  
     *Meek NATURE's sweet Simplicity.*

The lengthen'd shades that Evening draws,  
 Of calm repose the gen'ral pause,  
 The Stream that winds yon meads along,  
 The Nightingale's transcendent song,  
     Borrow each charm from thee,  
     *O soft-ey'd Nymph, Simplicity!*

Then to thy brow, lov'd WELLS! is due,  
 A lasting wreath, of various hue,



Hung with each perfum'd flow'r that blows,  
But chief, the *Cosy* and the *Rose* :

For surely thou art she !

THYSELF—*benign Simplicity* !

And when *thy* MIMIC Pow'rs are shewn,  
*Each other's talents are thy own*,  
Appropriate to thyself we find,  
The *thrilling voice*, the *wounded mind* ;  
The starting tear we see  
In Nature's pure *Simplicity*.

Hast thou beheld the infant Moon  
High to her couch, ere Night's full noon ?  
Then hast thou heard the Lover-train,  
In tones of sad regret complain ;

So absent, all agree,

To mourn for lost *Simplicity*.

So when upon thy well-wrought scene,  
The curtain drops its closing green,  
We grieve the mirthful hour is past,  
And murmur that it fled so fast ;

We wish again to see

The Beauties of *Simplicity*.

And Loveliness delights to dwell,  
Upon thy bosom's snowy swell,

To bid the streamy lightnings fly,  
 In liquid peril from thine eye ;  
 And to each heart decree  
 The Triumph of *Simplicity*.

Ah! while I vent'rous pour the verse,  
 Unfit thy praises to rehearse ;  
 Yet may'st thou kindly deign to hear,  
 For O, the Tribute is sincere !  
 The homage paid by me,  
 In genuine *TRUTH'S Simplicity*.

# DELLA CRUSCA.

## ODE TO MISS FARREN.

FROM her own garden BEAUTY chose,  
 In all its bloomy pride, the ROSE,  
 And from the feather'd race, the DOVE ;  
 Then, FARREN ! on thy cheek she threw  
 The blushing Flow'r's enchanting hue,  
 Then form'd thy Temper from the Bird of Love.

Ah ! though I'm doom'd to roam afar,  
 Yet shall the Morning's beamy star,

Yet shall the placid glow of Eve,  
 Recall thy charms to bless my mind :  
 Dear charms ! with dearer virtues join'd,  
 So shall my heart at times forget to grieve.

And often will I loit'ring stay,  
 Till the dark mountains veil the Day,  
 While *thus* delicious Fancy cheers—  
 For then more sweet on ev'ry plain  
 The Linnet trills her farewell strain,  
 And then more lovely NATURE's self appears.

And sure the happy youths who gaze  
 Upon thine Eye's resistless blaze,  
 Where *gay Life's* polish'd circles shine,  
 Or view amid the Comic Scene,  
 Thy dimpled smiles, and graceful mien,  
 Shall find " their bosoms sympathize with mine."

Whether thou show'st with matchless skill,  
 Unsteady Fashion's froward will,  
 As heartless Maid, or heedless Wife,  
 Truth, Nature, Sentiment prevail,  
 And through the Mirth-inspiring Tale,  
 All FICTION seems absorb'd in REAL LIFE.

Oh what delight to hourly trace  
 The fine expression of thy Face,

Thy

Thy winning elegance, and ease ;  
 To see those teeth, of lust'rous pearl,  
 Thy locks profuse of many a curl,  
 And hear thy voice, omnipotent to please !

With thee to pace the mountain's side,  
 Or mark the rushy riv'let glide,  
 That murm'ring rolls a scanty stream ;  
 'Till wid'ning in the vale below,  
 It seems t'exult with vainer glow,  
 And gayly wanton in the lunar beam.

Still might the seasons change——with thee,  
 Nor Winter's self could dreary be,  
 Nor sultry Summer's hearts offend.  
 The howling winds, the pelting show'r,  
 Could not disturb my rapt'rous hour,  
 Nor ever gloom my mind—with such a friend.

At midnight then no more I'd stand,  
 Where Ocean's surges lash the land,  
 Nor fondly list the Screech-owl's tongue——  
 Ah me ! I dream—th' illusion's o'er—  
 Henceforth, in silence I'll adore,  
 And thou, sweet Nymph ! forgive the ardent song.

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE



## THE SLAVES.

## AN ELEGY.

**I**F late I paus'd upon the Twilight plain  
 Of FONTENOY, to weep the FREE-BORN BRAVE;  
 Sure Fancy now may cross the Western Main,  
 And melt in sadder pity for the SLAVE.

Lo! where to yon PLANTATION drooping goes,  
 The SABLE HERD of Human Kind, while near  
 Stalks a pale DESPOT, and around him throws  
 The scourge that wakes—that punishes the Tear.

O'er the far Beach the mournful murmur strays,  
 And joins the rude yell of the tumbling tide,  
 As faint they labour in the solar blaze,  
 To feed the luxury of BRITISH PRIDE!

E'en at this moment, on the burning gale  
 Floats the weak wailing of the female tongue;  
 And can that Sex's softness nought avail—  
 Must naked WOMAN shriek amid the throng?

O cease to think, my Soul! what thousands die  
 By Suicide, and Toil's extreme despair;  
 Thousands, who never rais'd to Heav'n the eye,  
 Thousands, who fear'd no punishment, but there.

Are

Are drops of blood the HORRIBLE MANURE

That fills with luscious juice, the TEEMING CANE?

And must our fellow-creatures thus endure,

For traffic vile, th' indignity of pain?

Yes, their keen sorrows are the sweets we blend

With the green bev'rage of our morning meal,

The while to love *meek Mercy* we pretend,

Or for *fictitious* ills affect to feel.

Yes, 'tis their anguish mantles in the bowl,

Their sighs excite the Briton's drunken joy;

*Those ign'rant suff'ers* know not of a SOUL,

That we *enlighten'd* may its hopes destroy.

And there are MEN, who leaning on the LAWS,

What they have purchas'd, claim a right to hold—

Curs'd be the tenure, curs'd its cruel cause—

FREEDOM's a dearer property than gold!

And there are Men, with shameless front have said,

*That Nature form'd the NEGROES for Disgrace;*

*That on their limbs subjection is display'd—*

*The doom of slav'ry stamp'd upon their face.*

Send your stern gaze from Lapland to the Line,

And ev'ry Region's natives fairly scan,

Their forms, their force, their faculties combine,

And own the VAST VARIETY OF MAN!

Then

Then why suppose *Yourselves* the chosen few,  
 To deal Oppression's poison'd arrows round,  
 To gall with iron bonds the weaker crew,  
 Enforce the labour, and inflict the wound?

'Tis SORDID INT'REST guides you; bent on gain,  
 In profit only can ye reason find;  
 And pleasure too:—but urge no more in vain,  
 The selfish subject, to the social mind.

Ah! how can *He*, whose daily lot is grief,  
 Whose mind is vilify'd beneath the Rod,  
 Suppose his MAKER has for him relief,  
 Can he believe the tongue that speaks of God?

For when he sees the Female of his Heart,  
 And his lov'd daughters torn by Lust away,  
 His sons, the poor inheritors of smart——

——HAD HE RELIGION, THINK YE HE COULD  
 PRAY?

Alas! He steals him from the loathsome shed,  
 What time moist Midnight blows her venom'd  
 breath,  
 And musing, how he long has toil'd and bled,  
 DRINKS THE DIRE BALSAM OF CONSOLING DEATH!  
 Haste, haste, ye Winds, on swiftest pinions fly,  
 Ere from this World of Misery he go,  
 Tell him his wrongs bedew a NATION'S EYE,  
 Tell him, BRITANNIA blushes for his Woe!

Say

Say, that in future, NEGROES SHALL BE BLEST,  
 Rank'd e'en as Men, and Mens just rights enjoy;  
 Be neither Sold, nor Purchas'd, nor Oppress'd,  
 \ No griefs shall wither, and no stripes destroy!  
 Say, that fair Freedom bends her Holy Flight  
 To cheer the Infant, and console the Sire;  
 So shall *He*, wond'ring, prove at last, delight,  
 And in a throb of ecstasy expire.

Then shall proud ALBION'S CROWN, where Laurels  
 twine,  
 'Torn from the bosom of the raging sea,  
 Boast 'midst the glorious leaves, a Gem divine,  
 The radiant Gem of PURE HUMANITY!

# DELLA CRUSCA.

## M O N O D Y.

ADDRESSED TO MR. TICKELL.

IF ever for fictitious grief  
 My soul a transient sorrow knew;  
 If sometimes I have heav'd a sigh,  
 But to behold the virgin leaf  
 Of the lost LILY with'ring die;  
 Sure tend'rest sympathy is due

To



To THEE, from whom each cherish'd bliss is fled,  
Who mourn'st by day and night, thy own MARIA  
dead!

O TICKELL ! in the murmur'ing gale,  
Oft have I found thy plaintive voice prevail;  
When the wet fingers of the morn,  
Shook the cold pearl-drops from the bending thorn,  
Or when, at close of day,  
To the lone vale I took my way,  
The sad vibration of faint Echo's breath,  
Brought to my heart the dirge of Death.  
Then all dejected, have I paus'd to hear,  
And felt a kindred pang sincere ;

Sincere as erst thy Father's PARENT prov'd,  
When for the \* Friend he lov'd,  
He wove a cypress wreath, and pour'd the verse,  
That sooth'd the Poet's shade, and hung upon his  
herse.

Ah ! let me take my simple reed,  
And seek the moonlight mead ;  
Or where 'mongst rocks the headlong stream,  
Flashes the lucid beam ;  
Woo calm REFLECTION in her sober bow,  
As pond'ring at the midnight hour,  
She flings her solace on each passing wind,  
That wafts the heavenly balm to heal the wounded  
mind.

\* Addison.

So

So may her mighty spell,  
 Thy desolating anguish quell,  
 So may'st thou quit at length the Forest's gloom;  
 Nor thus for ever dwell upon the Sainted Tomb.  
 O think, when wand'ring on the shore,  
 Thou mark'st with musing eye,  
 O'er the rude cliffs the tempest fly,  
 And rouse to sudden rage the howling main.  
 Think, *sHE* *thou lov'st*, has left a World,  
 Where jarring elements are hurl'd,  
 And where contending atoms roar,  
 To join, 'midst endless joy, th' adoring Seraph's  
 strain!

Yes, *she was mild and lovely as the star*  
 That in the Western hemisphere afar,  
 Lifts its pure lamp above the mountain's head  
 To light *meek Evening to her dewy bed*.  
 And as the waning Moon displays,  
 With mirror clear, Morn's rising rays,  
 She, in decay, shew'd VIRTUE'S ORB refin'd,  
 Reflected *fairer* from her angel mind;  
 'Till at the last, too fierce a blaze was given,  
 And then *she sunk from sight, and faded into HEAVEN*.  
 Yet do not mourn, be grief away,  
 For see how swift the dark clouds go;  
 Soon silence drinks the Linnet's lay,  
 And yonder sapphire waves shall cease to flow.

F

Scared

Scared by the hissing brand,  
 Of thirsty Summer's sultry hand.  
 From the lorn wood the leaves descend,  
 And *all of Nature, as of Art, must end.*  
 Sad Consolation, true! yet why,  
 If soon must close the languid eye,  
 Since a short moment but remains,  
 For all our fears, and all our pains,  
 Why should we fondly brood on care,  
 Ah! why devote us to despair!  
 But Time assiduous loves to urge  
 Our footsteps to his utmost verge,  
 Because that there a rapt'rous scene appears,  
*Where ANGUISH never throbs, nor SORROW sinks in*  
*tears.*  
 Meanwhile, forbear not to disclose,  
*The Scions of that beauteous Stem;*  
 And tho' the PARENT ROSE,  
 Was prematurely lost,  
 By a remorseless frost;  
 O view the op'ning Buds, and smile at least for them!

DELLA CRUSCA.

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ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

OH Nymph, long sought, of placid mien,  
 With careless steps, and brow serene!

I woo thee from the tufted bowers,

Where listless pass thy easy hours—

Or, if a *Naiade* of the silver wave

Thou rather lov'st thy pearly limbs to lave

In some clear lake, whose fascinating face

Lures the soft willow to its pure embrace;

Or, if beneath the gelid rock

Thy smiles all human sorrows mock,

Where'er thou art, in earth or air,

O! come, and chase the fiend DESPAIR!

Have I not mark'd thee on the green

Roving, by vulgar eyes unseen?

Have I not watch'd thy lightsome dance

When Evening's soften'd glows advance?

Dear Goddess, yes! and whilst the Rustic's mirth

Proclaims the hour which gives wild gambols birth,

Supine, I've found thee in the elm row's shade,

Lull'd by the hum returning bees have made,

Who, chary of their golden spoils,

Finish their fragrant, rosy toils,

With rest inviting, slumb'rous long,

As to their waxen couch they throng.

Chaste Nymph! the Temple let me seek

Where thou resid'st in lustre meek;

My future life to thee I give—

Irradiate ev'ry hour I live!



'Tis true no *glowing bliss* thy vot'ries know,  
 From thee no poignant ecstasy can flow,  
 But oh! thou shield'st the heart from rankling pain,  
 And Misery *strikes*, when blest with thee, in vain;

Wan *Jealousy's* empoisoning tooth,  
 And *Love*, which feeds upon our youth,  
 And holy *Friendship's* broken tie,  
 Ne'er dim the lustre of thy eye.

For thee, it is, all Nature blooms,  
 For thee, the Spring new charms assumes,  
 Nor vainly flings her blossoms round,  
 Nor vainly bids her groves resound;  
 Her music, colours, odours, all are thine,  
 To thee her months their richest gifts consign;  
 To thee the morn is bright, and sweet the ray  
 That marks the progress of the sinking day;

Each change is grateful to thy soul,  
 For its *fine taste* no woes controul,  
 The powers of Nature, and of Art,  
 Alike entrance the easy heart.

And oh! beneath thy gentle dome  
 Which the *calm* comforts make their home,  
 That cruel imp is never found  
 Whose fame such idle songs resound—

Dread SENSIBILITY!—Oh! let me fly  
 Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy sky,

Or

Or where the Sun, with downward torrid ray  
*Kills*, with the barb'rous glories of the day!

I'd dare th' excess of ev'ry clime,

Grasp ev'ry evil known by Time,

Ere live beneath that Witch's spells.

With whom no *lasting* pleasure dwells.

Her lovely form deceives the heart,

The tear, for ever prompt to start,

The tender look, the ready sigh,

And soft emotion always nigh;

And yet *Content* th' insidious fiend forbids—

Oh! she has torn the slumbers from my lids:

Oft rous'd my torpid sense to living woe,

And bid chill anguish to my bosom grow.

She seals her prey!—in vain the Spring

Wakes Rapture, thro' her groves to sing;

The rose at Morn's hygean bloom,

Fades down, *unmark'd*, to Evening's gloom.

Oh SENSIBILITY! thy sceptre sad

Points, where the *frantic* glance proclaims THE MAD!

Strain'd to excess, Reason is chain'd thy slave,

Or the poor Victim, shuns thee in the grave;

To thee each crime, each evil owes its birth,

That in gigantic horror treads the earth!

SAVAGE UNTAM'D! she smiles to drink our tears,

And where's no *solid* ill, she wounds with *fears*;

Riots in sighs, is sooth'd when most we smart—  
Now, while she guides my pen, her FANG's within my  
heart.

ANNA MATILDA.

ODE TO ANNA MATILDA.

**O** CEASE, MATILDA! Cease the strain,  
That woos INDIFFERENCE to thy arms;  
For what are all her boasted charms?  
*But only to be free from Pain!*  
And would'st thou then, her torpid ease,  
Her listless apathy to know,  
Renounce the magic POW'R to PLEASE;  
And lose the LUXURY of WOE?  
Why does thy stream of sweetest song,  
In many a wild maze wind along;  
Foam on the Mountain's murm'ring side;  
Or thro' the vocal covert glide;  
Or among fairy meadows steal?—  
It is, because thy HEART can FEEL  
Alas! if Peace must be unknown,  
Till ev'ry nerve is turn'd to stone,  
Till not a tear-drop wets the eye;  
Nor throbs the breast for Sorrow's sigh.

O may

O may I never find relief;

But PERISH, in the PANG of GRIEF!

Think not I reason thus, my Fair!

A stranger to corroding Care;

Ah! if *Thou* seldom find'st repose,

"*I*, rest not on a bed of rose."

DESPAIR, cold Serpent, loves to twine

About this helpless heart of mine!

Yet tho' neglected and forlorn,

I scarce can check the smile of Scorn,

When those the VULGAR call the GREAT,

Bend the important brow of state;

And strive a consequence to find

By seeming more than Human kind;

Well, let them strut their hour away,

Till grinning Death demand his prey!

Meanwhile, my ANNA! let us rove

The scented vale, the bending grove,

Mix our hot tears with evening dew,

And live for FRIENDSHIP and the MUSE!

Yes, let us hasten hand in hand,

Where the blue billows lave the land,

And as they quick recoiling fly,

Send on the surf a lengthen'd sigh,

That strikes the soul, with truth sublime,

As 'twere the whispering TONGUE of TIME;

For



For thus our short Life's ebbing day  
 Murmurs a while, and hastes away!  
 Or let us seek the mould'ring wall,  
 Of some lone Abbey's Gothic Hall;  
 Recline upon the knee-worn stone,  
 And catch the North Wind's dismal moan,  
 That 'midst his sorrows, seems to boast  
 Of many a gallant vessel lost!  
 Friends and Lovers sunk in death —  
 By the fury of his breath!  
 What tho' at the imagin'd Tale,  
 Thy alter'd cheek be sadly pale;  
 Ne'er can such SYMPATHY annoy;  
 For 'tis the price of dearest Joy!

When far off the Night Storm flies,  
 Let us ponder on the Skies!  
 Where countless stars are ever roll'd,  
 Which yet our weak eyes dare behold;  
 Adore the SELF-EXISTING CAUSE  
 That gives to each its separate laws;  
 That, when th' impetuous Comet runs  
 Athwart a wilderness of Suns;  
 Tells it what mandate to obey,  
 Nor ever wander from its way;  
 Till back it hasten whence 'twas brought,  
 Beyond the boundaries of Thought!

Let

Let not the studious Seer reply,  
*"Attraction regulates the Sky,*  
*"And lends each Orb the secret force,*  
*"That urges on, or checks its course."*  
 Or with his Orrery expound  
 Creation's vainly fancied round.  
 Ah! quit thy toil, presumptuous Sage!  
 Destroy thy calculating page;  
 No more on Second Causes plod;  
 'Tis not ATTRACTION, but 'tis GOD!  
 And what the UNIVERSE we call,  
 Is but a POINT, compar'd to ALL.

SUCH BLISS the sensate bosom knows,  
 Such bliss Indifference ne'er bestows;  
 Tho' small the circle we can trace,  
 In the abyss of time and space,  
 Tho' LEARNING has its limits got,  
 The feelings of the soul have not.  
 Their vast excursions find no end;  
 And RAPTURE needs not comprehend!

'Tis true, we're ignorant how the Earth  
 Wakes the first principles of birth,  
 With vegetative moisture feeds  
 To different purpose, different seeds;  
 Gives to the Rose, such balmy sweet  
 Or fills the golden ear of Wheat,

Paints

Paints the ripe Peach with velvet bloom,  
 Or weaves the thick Wood's mingling bloom;—  
 YET, we can wander in the bow'r;  
 Can taste the fragrance of the flow'r;  
 Drink the rich fruit's nectarious juice,  
 And bend the harvest to our use.—

Then give thy pure perceptions scope,  
 And sooth thy heaving heart with hope.  
 HOPE shall instruct my sorr'wing Friend;  
 The soul's fine fervour ne'er can end;  
 But when her limbs by Death are laid  
 Beneath some yew-tree's hallow'd shade,  
 Then shall her soaring spirit know  
 The Seraphim's ecstatic glow.  
 Then shall th' ESSENTIAL MIND confess,  
 That ANGUISH has the pow'r to BLESS,  
 That FEELING was in BOUNTY given,  
 And own THE SACRED TRUTH—IN HEAVEN.

DELLA CRUSCA.

---

### ODE TO DELLA CRUSCA.

O THOU!

Who from "*a wilderness of Suns*"  
 Canst stoop to where the low brook runs!  
 Thro' space with rapid comets glow;  
 Or mark where, soft, the snow-drops grow!

O THOU!

O THOU!

Whose burning Pen now rapture paints!

Then moralizes, cold, with Saints!

Now trembling ardors can infuse——

Then seems as dipp'd in cloister'd dew——

O say! thy BEING quick declare,

Art thou a Son of Earth, or Air?

Celestial Bard! though thy sweet song

Might to a Seraph's strains belong,

Its wondrous beauty, and its art

Can only *touch*, not *change*, my heart.

So Heaven-sent light'ning *powerless* plays,

And wanton, throws its purple rays;

It leaps thro' Night's scarce pervious gloom

Attracted by the Rose's bloom,

'Th' illumin'd shrub then quiv'ring round,

It seems each scented bud to wound;

Morn shakes her locks, and see the Rose

In renovated beauty blows!

Smiles at the dart which past away,

And flings her perfume on the day.

Thy light'ning Pen 'tis thus I greet,

Fearless its subtle point I meet;

Ne'er shall its spells my sad heart move,

From the calm state it vows to love.

All other bliss I've prov'd is vain——

All other bliss is dash'd with pain.

My



My waist with myrtles has been bound,  
 MY BROW WITH LAURELS HAS BEEN CROWN'D;  
 LOVE, has sigh'd hopeless at my feet,  
 LOVE, on my couch, has pour'd each sweet;  
 All these I've known, and now I fly  
 With thee, INDIFFERENCE, to die!

Nor is thy gift "*dull torpid ease*,"  
 The Mind's quick powers thou dost not freeze;  
 No! blest by *Thee*, the soul expands,  
 And darts o'er new-created lands;  
 Springs from the confines of the earth  
 To where new systems struggle into birth;  
 The germ of future Worlds beholds,  
 The secrets of dark space unfolds;  
 Can watch how far th' ERRATIC runs,  
 And gaze on DELLA CRUSCA'S Suns;  
 In some new Orb can meet "*his starry mail*,"  
 And him, on earth unknown, in Heaven with transport  
 hail!

ANNA MATILDA.

---

TO ANNA MATILDA.

NOR will I more of Fate complain;  
 For I have liv'd to feel thy strain;

To

To feel its sun like force divine,  
Swift darting through the clouds of woe,  
Shoot to my soul a fainted glow.

Yet, yet, MATILDA, spare to shine!

One moment be the blaze, suppress!  
Lest from this clod my spirit spring,  
And borne by Zephyrs' trembling wing,

Seek a *new Heaven* upon thy BREAST.

But say, does calm INDIFFERENCE dwell  
On the low mead or mountain swell,  
Or at grey Evening's solemn gloom,  
Bend her bosom to the tomb?

Or when the weak dawn's orient rose,

In silv'ry foliage deck'd, appears;

Tell me, if perchance *she* goes  
To the fresh garden's proud array,  
Where, doubtful of the coming day,

Each drooping flow'ret sheds translucent tears.

Al! tell me, tell me where,

For thou shalt find me *there*,

Like her own son, in vestment pure,

With deep disguise of smile secure:

So shall I once thy form descry,

For once, hold converse with thine eye.

Vain is the thought, for at thy sight,

Soon as thy potent voice were found,

Could I conceal the vast delight,

Could I be tranquil at the found,

Could I repress quick Rapture's start,  
 Or hide the bursting of my heart ?  
 Let but thy lyre impatient seize,  
 Departing Twilight's filmy breeze,  
 That winds th' enchanted chords among,  
*In ling'ring labyrinth of song :*  
 Anon, the amorous *Bird of Woe*,  
 Shall steal the tones that quiv'ring flow,  
 And with them soothe the sighing woods,  
 And with them charm the slumb'ring floods;  
 Till, all exhausted by the lay,  
 He hang in silence on the spray,  
 Drop to his idol flow'r beneath,  
 And, 'midst her blushes, cease to breathe\*.

Warn'd by his Fate, 'twere surely well,  
 To shun the fascinating spell;  
 Nor still, presumptuous, dare to fling  
 My rude hand o'er the sounding string;  
 As though I fondly would aspire,  
 To match MATILDA's heavenly fire.  
 Yet may I sometimes, far remote,  
 Hear the lov'd cadence of her note,  
 And though *the Laurel* I resign,  
 O may *the bliss of TASTE* be mine!

DELLA CRUSCA.

\* This alludes to the idea of the Nightingale being enamoured of the Rose, so frequently expressed in Persian Poetry.

“ TASTE ” Does

" ——— Does calm Indifference dwell,  
 " On the low mead, or mountain swell?  
 " Oh tell me where,  
 " For thou shalt find me there."

# TO DELLA CRUSCA.

**Y**ES, on the mountain's haughty swell,  
 And in the prostrate dell,  
 And where the Dryades fling their shade——  
 There may'st thou meet the Maid serene,  
 Or trace her on the zephyr'd green,  
 Whilst Day's carnation gently fades.  
 Doth Nature make the prospect *vast*,  
 With rocks o'erhang, and rivers cast,  
 Tumbling headlong to their base?  
 Do seas stretch out their foamy plains,  
 Compelling with their crystal chains  
 Wide Continents t' embrace?  
*All these* attract the smooth brow'd fair;——  
 Or where can Art evince her powers,  
 Where Science strew immortal flowers,  
 And gay Indifference——haste not there?  
 Whilst **PASSION** narrows up the heart;  
**TASTE** can no ray of bliss impart,



One strong idea grasps the mind—  
 Extends itself thro' all the soul,  
 Thro' ev'ry vein its furies roll,  
 And tears with fangs unkind.

When NEWTON trod the starry roads,  
 And view'd the dwellings of the Gods,  
 And measur'd every Orb—  
 Did *silly Love* his steps attend,  
 His mighty purposes suspend,  
 Or his grand mind absorb?

When intellectual LOCKE explor'd  
 The Soul's sad vacuum, where no hoard  
 Of budding young ideas lay—

Oh tell, thus rob'd in Wisdom's stole,  
 Did Love's coarse torch his view control,  
 Or light him in the darksome way?

Ha! DELLA CRUSCA, cease to feign,  
 Thy cheek with red repentance stain,  
 For having feign'd so long;

Quick seize thy Lyre, sweep each bold string,  
 O'er every chord thy music fling—  
 To calm INDIFFERENCE raise the Song!

Propitiate first, then with her haste  
 O'er the Globe's peopled, motley waste;  
*Watch* CHARACTER where e'er it runs;  
 Drink newer air, see fiercer funs:

Seek

Seek the bland realms where first the Morn  
 Pours down-light from her beamy horn ;—  
 Pours scent and colours o'er the vale,  
 And wakes its song, and wakes its tale.  
 Mark how CONFUCIUS' feeble race,  
 (Whose records *vaſt* fail not to trace)  
 To Imitation ſtill confine  
 Their powers, nor deviate from its line.  
 Their fourteen thouſand glowing ſprings  
 Paſſing thro' their yearly rings,  
 Not one ſuggeſtion left behind,  
 No Art, nor Virtue more refin'd ;  
 Philoſophy no inroads made,  
 But mute, within its awful ſhade,  
 Its thoughts occult arrang'd—  
 Whiſt Learning, blindfold in its pen,  
 This coſtly precept gave to men—  
 " BE WISE, *but be unchang'd.*"

Haſte !—leave th' inſipid herd—away !  
 Where EGYPT's ſons *imbrown the day*,  
 For there primeval Wiſdom form'd her wreath,  
 And Science firſt was taught to breathe.  
 Oh linger here ! the Clafſic clime  
 Demands, and will reward thy time.  
 Here ſhalt thou ſeek th' immortal Dome  
 Where *Pleaſure triumph'd over Rome* ;

And tread where CLEOPATRA trod,  
 And moisten with thy tear the sod  
 Where Taste and Love their banners wav'd,  
 Snatching from the grave Old Time——  
 Whose life fast-fading, Rapture sav'd,  
 And Phoenix-like renew'd its prime.

Then find the myrtled tomb,  
 The now unenvied Lover's home;  
 But, lest thy pensive steps should stray,  
 To guide thee in the unknown way,  
 The Moon her bright locks quick unshrouds,  
 Her veil of gossamour, thin clouds,  
 Dissolves to air, and her soft eye  
 Thro' the Palm Grove's haughty shade,  
 And the lofty Aloed glade

Shall guide thee where thy long-ow'd sigh  
 Breath'd o'er the mingling Lover's dust,  
 Shall gratify their hov'ring souls

Beyond an EMPIRE's votive *Bufs*.

Is a soft willow bending near,

Whose drooping leaves speak grief sincere?

Its drooping leaves, ah! instant seize,

The happy violence will please——

Bend its tender, flaccid boughs

(Murm'ring soft mysterious vows)

Into garlands—leave them there,

OFFERINGS to the love-lost pair!

These

These duties paid, with ling'ring look,  
 With heart by silent Sorrow shook,  
 The marbled desert next explore  
 Where Beauty's glance, and Learning's lore,  
 Ages long past the soul beguil'd—  
 Oh think! in that unletter'd wild  
 LONGINUS wrote, ZENOBIA smil'd!  
 Where now a humbled column lies,  
 Stream'd radiance from impassion'd eyes;  
 The roof, where odious Night Birds rest,  
 Once shelter'd Wit, once echo'd Jest;  
 Where Peasants cumbrous oxen stall,  
 TERPSICHORE swam through the ball;  
 Serpents convolve, where Music thrill'd,  
 And lost *Palmira's* fate's fulfilled.

Doth splendid scenes thy light heart prize?  
 Fly to Italia's downy skies!  
 Where Fancy's richest strokes abound,  
 Where Nature's happiest points are found;  
 The pleasures here—a rosy band!  
 Link'd to her ear with flow'ry chains,  
 Bear their rapt Goddesses o'er the plains,  
 And strew their glories o'er her land.  
 The dulcet groves, burst with rich notes,  
 Caught by a thousand trembling throats,

The



The wavey rivers as they fly——  
 Their soft embroider'd bounds between,  
 Whose glowing tints be-gem the green,  
 Bear on their curls th' extatic sigh;——  
 The breeze detain'd rests its pure wing,  
 To hear blest Love its triumphs sing.  
 And ah! be Italy ne'er nam'd  
 Without a pause to those so fam'd——  
 The glorious **MEDICIS!**

Oh **SCULPTURE!** lift thy pillar high,  
 And grave the name amidst the sky!  
 Its base, let marble sorrows tend,  
 And chissel'd woes in high relief,  
 Look their unutterable grief,  
 And mute Despair its tresses rend!  
 Blest **POETRY!** compel thy lyre  
 To sound the loud immortal praise  
 Of those who cherish'd thy proud bays,  
 And fed thy near extinguish'd fire!  
 Thy pencil, **PAINTING!** dip in shades  
 To last till Europe's Glory fades——  
 Thy trophy'd canvas shall be Fame  
 To those who nurs'd thy infant Art,  
 And bear to mightier shores the Name!  
 Swiftly, my **DELLA CRUSCA**, turn,  
 To where the Medicean Urn,

The

The once proud City hallows still,  
 There thy fine taste may drink its fill.  
 To FLORENCE fly——  
 O, no! for ever shun her tempting skies,  
 For there, if right I ween, the Maid INDIFFER-  
 ENCE dies!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO ANNA MATILDA.

Age, Jam meorum,  
 Fias amorum.

AND have I strove in vain to move  
 Thy Heart, *fair Phantom* of my Love?  
 And cou'dst thou think 'twas my design,  
 Calmly to list thy Notes Divine,  
 That I responsive Lays might send,  
 To gain a cold Platonic Friend?  
 Far other hopes thy Verse inspir'd,  
 And all my Breast with Passion fir'd.  
 For Fancy to my mind had given  
 Thy form, as of the forms of Heaven——  
 Had bath'd thy lips with vermil dew;  
 Had touch'd thy cheek with morning's hue!

And

And down thy neck had sweetly roll'd  
 Luxuriant locks of mazy gold.  
 Yes, I had hopes, at last to press,  
 And lure thee to the chaste caress;  
 Catch from thy breath the quiv'ring sigh,  
 And meet the *murder of thine eye*.  
 Ah! when I deem'd such joys at hand,  
 Remorseless comes the stern command,  
 Nor calls my wand'ring footsteps home,  
 But far, and farther bids me roam;  
 And then thy Vestal Notes dispense  
 The meed of COLD INDIFFERENCE!  
 Curs'd Pow'r! that to myself unknown,  
 Still turns the heart I love, to stone!  
 Dwells with the Fair whom most I prize,  
 And scorns my tears, and mocks my sighs.

Yes, ANNA! I will hasten forth  
 To the bleak regions of the North,  
 Where *Erickson*, immortal Lord!  
 Pour'd on the Dane his vengeful sword;  
 Or where wide o'er the barb'rous plain,  
 Fierce *Rurick* held his ancient reign.  
 Then once more will I trace the Rhine,  
 And mark the Rhone's swift billows shine;  
 Once more on VIRGIL's tomb I'll muse,  
 And *Laura's*, gemm'd with evening dew;

Once

Once more ROME's *Via Sacra* tread,  
 And ponder on the mighty dead.  
 More Eastward then direct my way,  
 To thirsty *Egypt's* deserts stray,  
 Fix in wonder, to behold  
 The Pyramids renown'd of old;  
 Fallen near one of which, I ween,  
 The *Hieroglyphic Sphinx* is seen!  
 The \* *Lion Virgin Sphinx*, that shows  
 What time the rich Nile overflows.  
 Then will I sail th' Egean tide,  
 Or seek *Scamander's* tuneful side;  
 Wander the sacred groves among,  
 Where HOMER wak'd th' immortal Song;  
 Traverse the *Nemæan Wood*,  
 Mark the spot where *Sparta* stood;  
 Or at humbled *Athens* see  
 Its still remaining Majesty!——  
 Yet to *Indiff'rence* e'er a foe,  
 May Beauty other joys bestow;  
 Her rapt'rous Science I'll pursue,  
 The Science NEWTON never knew.

Now blows the wind with melancholy force,  
 And o'er the *Baltic* points my weary course;

\* The overflowing of the Nile always happens while the  
 Sun is in Leo and Virgo.

Loud



Loud shout the Mariners, the white sails swell—  
 ANNA MATILDA! fare thee, fare thee well!  
 Farewel whoe'er thou art, and may'st thou find  
 Health and repose, and lasting peace of mind;  
 Still pour the various Verse with fancy clear,  
 To thrill the pulse, and charm th' attentive ear;  
 Nor may relentless Care thy days destroy,  
 But ev'ry hope be ripen'd into joy!

And O! farewell to distant Britain's shore,  
 Which I perhaps am doom'd to see no more;  
 Where Valour, Wisdom, Taste, and Virtue dwell,  
 Dear Land of Liberty, alas! farewell!—  
 Yet oft, *e'en there*, by wild Ambition tost,  
 The soul's best season settles in a frost.  
 Yet even *there*, desponding, late I knew,  
 That Friendship, *foreign-form'd*, is rarely true.  
 For they, whom most I lov'd, whose kindness sav'd  
 My shatter'd Bark, when erst the tempest ray'd:  
 At Home, e'en with the common herd could fly,  
 Gaze on the wounded Deer, and *pass him by*!  
 Nor yet can Pride subdue my pangs severe,  
 But Scorn itself evap'rates in a Tear.

Thou too, delusive Maid! whose winning charms  
 Seduc'd me first from slow Wealth's beck'ning arms;  
 Sweet POETRY! my earliest, falsest Friend,  
 Here shall my frantic adoration end.

Take

Take back the simple Flute thy treach'ry gave,  
 Take back, and plunge it in Oblivion's wave,  
 So shall its sad Notes hence to malice raise——  
 The Bard unknown—forgotten be the Lays.——  
 But should, with ANNA'S Verse, his hapless Rhime,  
 In future meet th' impartial eye of Time,  
 Say, that thy wretched victim long endur'd,  
 Pains which are seldom felt, and never cur'd!  
 Say 'midst the lassitude of hopes o'erthrown,  
 MATILDA'S strain could comfort him alone.  
 Yet was the veil mysterious ne'er remov'd,  
 From *him th' admiring* and from *her the lov'd*.  
 And no kind intercourse the Song repaid,  
 But each to each remain'd—a *Shadow and a Shade*.

# DELLA CRUSCA

## TO DELLA CRUSCA.

OH stay, oh stay! thy rash speed check,  
 Not yet ascend the flying deck;  
 Nor Europe's Hemisphere forsake,  
 Nor from THY NATION'S pleasures take  
 A bliss so exquisite and chaste——  
 A feast so dear to polish'd taste,  
 As *that* thy Lyre correctly flings,  
 As *that* they feel when DELLA CRUSCA sings.

H.

Alas!

Alas ! thou'rt gone, and to my straining eye  
 Thy Bark seems buoyant on the distant sky ;—  
 See ! in the clouds its mast it proudly laves,  
 Scorning the aid of Ocean's humble waves :  
 Well may it soar and bear aloft the prize  
 Whose verse immortal links him to the skies ;  
 Well may it scorn rough Neptune's rocky way,  
 Which bears the Genius of the GOD OF DAY !

And now, MATILDA, bind thy lyre  
 With cypress wreathes ! the lambent fire  
 Thou kindled'st at his fervid rays  
 Can gleam no more ;—thy future days  
 Lost to the Muses and to Taste,  
 Each torpid hour will joyless waste.  
 In vain each morning now will glow—  
 In vain soft MAIA's music flow,  
 And to my pillow force its way,  
 And on my wak'ning senses play.  
 Her notes my wak'ning senses fill,  
 And conscious slumbers own the trill ;  
 But when at length Remembrance bids  
 The filmy slumber quit my lids,  
 Saying “ THE WORLD its Wit hath brought,  
 “ Its various point, its well turn'd thought,  
 “ But DELLA CRUSCA lends no ray”  
 Oh *what* is Morning—*what* is May ?

Yet

Yet hold ! some solace yet remains,  
 And pensive joys await my pains.  
 I too must leave this laurel'd coast  
 Which all, that ROME adorn'd, can boast ;  
 But not like thee, for GRECIAN shores ;——  
 Ah no ! my humbler prow explores  
 The Sea *unfing*, which lies between  
 Dover's proud cliffs, and France serene.  
 Thou'lt skim th' Egean's brilliant tide,  
 I, o'er the British channel glide,  
*Thou*, all enthusiast ! fondly trace  
 The Isle where PHAON's beauteous face  
 Gave birth to SAPPHO's glorious art——→  
 Illum'd her name, but tore her heart :  
*Thy* SAPPHO seek the shores vicine,  
 Where *England's* lovely great-soul'd QUEEN  
 Sublimely knelt, and snatch'd from blushing Fate  
 The Godlike victims of her *Edward's* hate.  
 Thou, at AONIA's sacred feet  
 Wilt duly pour libations meet ;  
 I, roam o'er GALLIA's sportive plains,  
 Where thoughtless Pleasure ever reigns.

But 'tis not sportive GALLIA's plains,  
 Tho' Pleasure there for ever reigns,  
 Which promises the boasted bliss——  
 No, BARD BELOV'D ! the hope is this,  
 That there thy footsteps I may tread,  
 Press the same turf where sunk thy head ;



Sip the quick stream thy thirst hath slaked,  
 And greet the Dawn where thou hast waked——  
 Fancy'ng her waves of mazy gold  
 Ne'er with such rich refulgence roll'd ;  
 And when her tints of various dye  
 Burst from the pallid sickly sky,  
*There* rush in violet, *there* in green,  
*Here* in soft red imbue the scene ;  
 Then lose themselves by growing bright,  
 'Till swallow'd up in one vast flood of light——  
 Thus shall I say, *He* saw her rays,  
 Thus was *He* rous'd t'adore and praise !

*Oh SYMPATHY, of birth divine,*  
 Descend, and round my heart-strings twine !  
 Touch the fine nerve whene'er I breathe  
 Where *DELLA CRUSCA* dropt his wreath !  
 Lead me the *sacred way* of *ROME*,  
 Lead me to kneel at *Virgil's* tomb,  
 Where he th' enduring marble round  
 With fresh wove laurels, graceful bound.  
 Then guide where still with sweeter note  
 Than flow'd from *Petrarch's* tuneful throat,  
 On *Laura's* grave he pour'd the lay  
 Amidst the sighs of sinking day ;  
 Then point where on the sod his tear  
 Fell from its crystal source so clear,

That

That there my mingling tear may sink,  
And the same dust its moisture drink.

Thus dying Swans are said to sing,  
And their last breath in numbers fling  
O'er the dear liquid shining plains,  
Which nurs'd their joys, and sooth'd their pains.  
Like them my Muse pines fast away,  
And this her last, her closing day.  
When one blest word her lips hath seal'd,  
In lasting silence she'll be veil'd.  
Expiring, still her note's the same,  
She murmurs DELLA CRUSCA's name!—  
The SACRED WORD! ye heard it spoke;—  
*Her Book is clos'd—her Lyre is broke!*

ANNA MATILDA.

May 20, 1788.

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## A TALE FOR JEALOUSY.

A Recent Event in CATALONIA.

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**L**LOUD shriek'd the wind; hoarse struck the hour,  
When from his couch, *Alphonso* rose;  
Bedeck'd with gold his splendid bower—  
*Gold*, had his couch, but not *repose*!

The Night sat brooding on the hill :  
 Beneath, the sable rivers roll'd,  
 Not *glis't'ring*, now, the tinkling rill ;—  
 Its stream opaque, its spirit cold.

His chamber, long with restless feet  
 The Lord *Alphonso* travers'd o'er ;  
 Here once he tasted slumbers sweet,  
 But slumber sweet he knows no more !

His rous'd domestics strait obey  
 The signal of their Lord, unlov'd ;  
 Their torches flash a second day,  
 As thro' the costly rooms they mov'd.

His favourite, from th' obsequious train  
 Was to his inmost closet led ;  
 There heard confess'd the am'rous pain  
 Which tore him from his midnight bed.

Oh, thou wert near, *Alphonso* cries,  
 When in the progress late we made,  
*Gonsalvo's* daughter in our eyes  
 Made every other virgin fade.

Her noble mien, her blushes mild,  
 The burnish of her tresses bright ;  
 Her age—but just no longer Child,  
 Her rosy mouth, her graceful height ;

All these have in my time-worn heart,

Lighted a youthful, am'rous fire——

I sink beneath the poignant smart,

I faint with eager, strong desire.

Oft did I try her soul to melt,

But ign'rant she of Cupid's pow'r——

His ecstacies she never felt——

But now is come her fated hour.

With flames illicit I essay'd

To touch her iced, unwaken'd heart;

Let Hymen sooth the bashful maid,

She'll *waken'd*, play a softer part.

Strait to her father's, speed thy way,

The fleetest mules with haste prepare;

And ere to-morrow scants his day,

Thou'lt reach the village of my fair.

These pearls, these di'monds, speak my truth,

Woo her with *treasures* to my arms;

When love no longer boasts of youth,

Riches may plead their meaner charms.

Oh how unlike the rapturous hour,

When love is bought by love alone;

When a soft look, a touch, a flower,

Is priz'd beyond IND's brightest stone.

But



But go, and to her parents bear  
 Thy Lord's designs—his hopes unfold;  
 Plead with due force his meaning fair,  
 And in thy promises be bold.

Much more, the Lord *Alphonso* spoke;  
 His servant's mind the whole retains,  
 Whose lashes soon the mules provoke;  
 The mules skim o'er the distant plains.

Th' awaken'd night with streaks of gold  
 Her jetty robes began to lace;  
 Her drowsy car far off she roll'd—  
 The blithe Sun urging to the race;

And ere his wheels had run behind  
 The western mountain's giddy slope;—  
*Julia*, with meekness all resign'd,  
 Had listen'd to *Alphonso's* hope.

Not so resign'd; but that her thought  
 Recoil'd at such unequal love,  
 Till by parental wisdom taught,  
 She learn'd to bear, and then approve.

The Sire attends his darling child,  
 For so *Alphonso's* pride allows;  
 And with the transport almost wild,  
 Saw her receive a Grandee's vows.

He saw that form where speaking grace  
 Gave soul to beauty most refin'd,  
 The robe of dignity embrace,  
 By taste magnificent design'd.

Her hair, which floated o'er her dress,  
 A dress, which to be *seen* demands  
 Its rich luxuriance to repress,  
 They tie in folds with diamond bands.

But the soft curls which hap'ly fell  
 Upon her bosom's heaving snow,  
 Were suffer'd there, unbound, to dwell,  
 And spread their wavy golden glow.

Thus the fond parent saw her rove  
 Thro' gaudy halls and rooms of state;  
 Whilst humble trains at distance wait,  
 And from her nod receive their fate.

Succinct the time in which such joy  
 Around his aged heart might play;  
 Bitter, oh! bitter the alloy!  
 And set full soon is Pleasure's day:

For Lord *Alphonsa* names the hour,  
 When he the sumptuous dome must quit,  
 And seek again the humble bower——  
 For birth like his a mansion fit:

Tells

Tells him to take a last farewell,  
 Of her more dear than sense or light ;  
 Bids him ne'er hope again to dwell  
 Where filial *Julia* blest'd his sight.

His daughter, overwhelm'd with woe,  
 The haughty cruel order hears ;  
 She sees her mournful parent go,  
 And bathes his last steps with her tears.

Now flow, and sadden'd, rolls the time  
 Which late flew rapid with delight ;  
 Heedless is she of Morning's prime,  
 Nor hails the soft approach of Night.

Her only solace was to roam  
 Midst the deep wood's embosom'd calm,  
 Where distant from her gaudy home  
 Meek solitude bestow'd its balm.

There, on a river's fringy side,  
 Which snatch'd her breath as stealing by,  
 She'd watch its curl'd, unequal glide,  
 And swell with her's the zephyr's sigh :

Mark with what truth it objects drew,  
 When *ruffling zephyr* ceas'd to breathe,  
 Its surface polish'd to the view——  
 A *phantom forest* underneath.

Two drooping willows there display'd  
 'Their foliage to the painting wave ;  
 Which in their pensive green array'd  
 Would still their jutting bare roots lave.

These, by her hands, in garlands dress'd,  
 She'd sometimes chide the low bent branch,  
 Which would its blooming fragrant vest  
 Upon th' escaping river launch.

Thus was the one bright eve employ'd,  
 Whilst carols sad her sweet voice sung ;  
 Evening's own bird her note enjoy'd——  
 When from its shades a soldier sprung.

His form, like that *Apollo* wears,  
 When from his bow the swift dart sings ;  
 Or when the discus thro' the air  
 With equal force and grace he flings.

Martial his step ; his beamy eye  
 Bright as fair *Julia's* own appears ;  
 Strait to each other's arms they fly——  
 They mingle joy—they mingle tears.

'Twas *Julia's* brother whom she saw,  
 'Twas *Julia* whom her brother press'd ;  
 Both dear by Nature's dearest law,  
 For twins they were, who thus caress'd,

From



From *Calpe's* glorious rock he came—  
 Immortal monument decreed  
 Of English *ELLIOTT's* laurel'd name;  
 Where English heroes oft shall bleed.

And there his blood did *Gusman* shed  
 Amongst the boldest ever found,  
 By sacred thirst of honour led—  
 Nor shunn'd the deaths that flew around.

But when bright *Peace* her silver flute  
 Had sounded thro' wide Europe's skies,  
 And when the voice of war was mute,  
 Sped by fond duty, home he flies.

There he first learn'd his sister's fate,  
 How elevated—and how curst!  
 Heard, that amidst her brilliant state  
 Her heart consuming sorrow curst.

Her husband's tyrant law reveal'd,  
 No dear relation to behold;  
 Oblig'd him thus in shades conceal'd,  
 His sister to his heart to fold.

And oft he mourn'd her cruel lot,  
 And oft he dried her tears away,  
 When from the interesting spot  
 They each were warn'd by closing day.

Adieu,

Adieu, my *Gusman*, *Julia* cries !

Yet let me see thee, once again ;  
To-morrow bless thy sister's eyes,  
Then seek our dear paternal plain :

From forth my little treasur'd hoard,  
Fond tokens to my mother bear ;  
No miser is my cruel Lord,  
And gifts, like these, I well can spare.

*Gusman*, with pure, fraternal love,  
Kiss'd either beauteous, *fading* cheek,  
Vowing, when Morn should light the grove,  
In its mild haunts her steps he'd seek.

Now Evening hung its silv'ry dew,  
On every shrub that deck'd the glades ;  
And fainter scents the flowers effuse——  
As loth to greet with sweets, her shades.

Oft had fair *Julia* linger'd there  
In hours like these——and traced the beam,  
Which sent from Luna's brilliant sphere,  
Shot thro' the wood a *shiver'd* gleam.

Mark'd how each sound, stole soft away,  
As gliding off to shores more bright ;  
Bribed by the gaudy tumid day,  
To fly the dove-ey'd, tender night.

By *Julia* these are all forgot,  
 For pleasure hath her soul suffused;  
 Blind to the beauties of the spot,  
 She deigns not now to be *amused*.

Braced with young joy, the sportive fawn  
 Pursues her dam, with motion fleet,  
 Regardless of the sprinkled lawn  
 That waves its flowers around her feet.

So speeds the fair one to her home,  
 Whose towers return the moon's broad glare;  
 Whilst to point out the distant dome,  
 They flash their gold vanes thro' the air.

On her soft pillow soon reclin'd,  
 Round her, the slumbers spun their veil;  
 And o'er her placid gentle mind,  
 The softest dreams their phantoms steal.

At Morning's dawn, her Lord commands,  
 Her placid slumbers must be broke;  
 He grasp'd in his her trembling hands,  
 He led her forth, but never spoke.

Ah oh! these horrid sounds, she cried——  
 Those piteous shrieks, which tear the ear!  
 With terror struck, she faintly sigh'd,  
 And sunk, at length, o'erpower'd with fear.

He

He dragg'd her on; the screams of pain,  
 More piercing as they nearer grow,  
 Left her scarce power to sustain,  
 Her crimson life's unequal flow.

There, wretch, behold! *Alphonso* cried,  
 As wide he threw the grating gate:  
 There feast thy loose adulterous eyes,  
 See there, thy paramour's just fate!

There, stretch'd upon the racking wheel,  
 She saw her brother's tortur'd form;  
 From his torn flesh the jagged steel,  
 Bade rush the blood, with life yet warm.

She *saw*—but oh! she spoke no more!  
 'The agony too fierce to bear;  
 Groaning she sunk upon the floor,  
 And breath'd her spirit on the air.

Sister! the writhing *Gusman* said——  
 Oh, Sister! plead—then swoon'd with pain  
 On his gash'd bosom sunk his head,  
 His limbs convuls'd, the cords still strain.

*Alphonso*, when he heard the sound,  
 Leap'd sudden to the deathful wheel;  
 With eager haste the youth's unbound,  
 And stern *Alphonso* learns to feel.



He raves, he sinks, he strikes his breast,

But oh! the guilty deed is past,

The victims pure are now at rest——

Thy tortures shall for ever last!

Vain is all art, for life no more

Can lift their pulse, their cheeks can paint;

Thou'st freed their souls, they quit the shore——

Each seeks its God——a murder'd Saint!

There, tyrant, lie! and let the fangs

Of deep remorse thy bosom tear!

Each wak'ning morn awake new pangs——

Teach thee to pity, and despair!

AMBITIOUS



AMBITION'S VENGEANCE

CHARACTERS

CLOTILDA, *Mother of Alberto.*

THERESA, *Duchess of Milan.*

LUCINDA, *an attendant Lady.*

ALBERTO, *Bastard of the late Duke of Milan.*

PRINCE CARLO, *Son of the King of Naples.*

ARNALDI, *a distressed Nobleman.*

ANTONIO, *Companion of Carlo.*

*Neapolitan Lord.*

SCENE in and near Milan.

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# AMBITIOUS VENGEANCE;

A

## TRAGIC-DRAMA.\*

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Ducal Palace at Milan. THERESA,  
CLOTILDA, ALBERTO, and others, composing  
a Court.*

THERESA.

NOW thriving peace scatters her lib'ral stores  
O'er happy Lombardy; the Peasant now  
May careless carol to the morning breeze,  
As on he drives his ploughshare's patient toil,  
Nor dread the rapine, nor the rage of war.  
Returning Autumn shall not force the sigh  
From his torn breast, nor leave him to deplore  
His ruin'd olives, and his rifled vines.

\* This Tragic-Drama was written prior to any of the other  
Poems.



No more, Alberto! we demand thy aid  
 To lead our valiant troops to victory;  
 But still Theresa claims her brother's care.  
 Yes, I require thy counsel, to direct  
 My maiden weakness; it is thou must curb  
 The womanish spirit in me, teach me how  
 To govern wisely, steadily, and justly:  
 Consult the people's good, and rule in mercy.  
 So shall we be in fact two sovereigns,  
 The real thou, and I th' ostensible.

*Alb.* 'Twere better, gen'rous sister! thou should'st  
 choose

Some youthful prince of honour, and renown,  
 To share the splendid toil of government,  
 And be thy wedded friend, than stoop to me,  
 A heedless soldier, hot, impolitic;  
 Or rather think of Naples' royal heir,  
 Illustrious Carlo! let your charms reward  
 His well-prov'd valour, for in him unites  
 All that is noble, worthy, and engaging;  
 Then is it just and proper he receive  
 All that is virtuous, lovely, and benign.  
 Perchance, his last year's residence at Milan  
 Gave thee occasion to remark him well,  
 And to esteem his matchless excellence.  
 What says Theresa?—why that rising blush?

*Ther.* I thank thy kind attention, good Alberto!  
 And feel the pointed merriment; but yet

Methinks,

Methinks, I shall prefer my single state,  
Which is, perhaps, best suited to my mind,  
And gives me greater pow'r to do thee service.

*Alb.* O let no thought of me impede thy bliss,  
For I am unambitious, and require  
But ease, and freedom, with society;  
And be assured my wishes were complete  
In my dear sister's nuptial happiness.

*Clot.* How! [*Aside.*  
Ignoble youth! thou should'st aspire to all.

*Ther.* Thou too, my father's well belov'd Clotilda!  
Shalt not regret, or splendor, or respect,  
Due to thy merit, and my father's mem'ry.  
Unslacken'd honour shall attend thy steps,  
And thy heart's ev'ry wish be gratified.

*Clot.* Gracious Theresa!  
Alas! my tongue wants pow'r to speak my thanks.  
Say'st thou, my wishes gratified! but that [*Aside.*  
Can never be, while humbled by thy bounty.

*Ther.* And you, the lords and ladies of my court!  
Show me how best I may express my love,  
And gain your hearts, and that way I'll pursue.  
Yet, yet I feel it is most arduous  
To rule and satisfy, for all have views  
To aggrandize themselves, while those who fail  
In rising to the summit of their aim,  
Turn bitt'rest enemies; nay, I fear that most

Hate

Hate whom they flatter, and the giddy crowd  
 Wish for eternal change. Nought can suffice  
 To gratify ambition's endless rage,  
 To fill the coffers of pale avarice,  
 Or deal out favours with so rich a hand.  
 To equal each man's wishes; for, alas!  
 The sovereign pow'r is bounded, whereas hope  
 Is without bounds, and each succeeding day  
 Bestows fresh force, and heightens its impatience.

*Alb.* Thou reason'st wisely, and with truth, Theresa!  
 But how didst thou acquire such sage reflection?

*Ther.* Oft would our father pour into my ear  
 This sage instruction, which I still received  
 With due attention, tho' with heavy heart.  
 Nor can I choose but tremble, when I think  
 That all the pow'r of evil, and of good,  
 Centres in me; each error I commit,  
 Loads me with secret curses, and vile hate.  
 Yet will I labour for the gen'ral good,  
 And my intention shall at least be pure,  
 So those, alas! I may not chance to please,  
 Shall but unjustly murmur.

*Clot.* Long may'st thou reign in glory, royal maid!  
 And acting from such gen'rous sentiment,  
 Revive the sad, and suffering multitude,  
 Like Heaven's fresh-dew that cheers the languid plain.  
 O that the dew of Heav'n might fall to night [*Aside.*  
 Upon thy sepulchre.

*Ther.*

*Ther.* But yet, Clotilda! I could wish to be  
 Placed in a station not so eminent,  
 Where all my weakness, and perhaps my faults,  
 Would neither injure, trouble, nor offend.  
 Born in some humble cottage, I had known  
 No wild emotion of exalted care,  
 But cheerful hied me forth at early morn,  
 Tho' the bleak north-wind swept the mountain's side;  
 Or when warm summer sooth'd the vocal grove,  
 At ruddy eve, my occupation done,  
 Have jocund danc'd upon the verdant lawn.

*Alb.* Thou would'st have been a charming shepherdess,

Driving with flow'ry crook thy whiten'd flock  
 To crop the wild thyme on the fragrant down,  
 And lift the humming bell, that seems to shake  
 The distant dome, and with sad-ling'ring note  
 Pants on the dying gale. Young Carlo too,  
 Should have been there, a gentle, rural swain,  
 To take his plaintive pipe, and fondly pour  
 The song of suff'rance, to subdue thy heart;  
 Or have been seen at infant dawn's first gleam,  
 Carving thy name upon the polish'd beech,  
 The boast, the wonder of the rustic race,  
 For comeliness, and manly strength, and song.

*Ther.* Nor would it have displeas'd me, for truly  
 I think there does not live a nobler youth.

His



His actions vaunt, and not his tongue, of glory.  
 Gen'rous as love, and stranger to offence,  
 He wins each heart, nor proudly e'er pretends  
 To gain by mimic affability:  
 The common error of our princely tribe.  
 Unmatch'd in virtue, sense, and dignity,  
 And ev'ry charm of youthful manliness.  
 If aught that's mortal can approach perfection,  
 'Tis Carlo—and I do not blush to own it.

*Alb.* This honest frankness well becomes thee, sister!

And gives a sweeter lustre to thine eye,  
 Than all the tricks of timid bashfulness.  
 I much rejoice that he will soon be here,  
 For well I know, his promise is an oath  
 He would not break for worlds; then let me hope  
 His meed may be thy hand, and more thy heart.

*Ther.* Thanks for thy mirthful wishes, but at present  
 I shall retire; and recollect, Clotilda!  
 Thou mayst command my utmost power to serve thee,  
 Now fare ye well awhile. *[Exit.]*

*The court retires. Manent CLOTILDA and ALBERTO.*

*Clot. [Aside.]* It is thy death I would command,  
 and that

I will procure without thy kind consent—  
 Besides, methinks, when royal Carlo here

Shall

Shall sway the scepter as thy wedded lord,  
 The pow'r of serving me will be transferr'd  
 To him, who, should caprice incline, may veil  
 In clouds and darkness all my starry hopes,  
 And, scorning the condition of my baseness,  
 Breed a dire tempest o'er my hated head.  
 I must a speedy vengeance execute.

*Alb.* Thou seem'st absorb'd in anxious thought,  
*Clotilda.*

*Clot.* I have at times a wand'ring mind, and oft  
 Imagination, with her fairy train,  
 Leads me to fountains, or enamell'd meads,  
 To cull an humble garland of fresh flow'rs.  
 Or, on the promontory's height, I seem  
 To wander at the midnight hour, and catch  
 The thrilling sounds of the far distant wreck.  
 The voice of coming war, with sudden burst,  
 Perhaps then strikes my ear: Anon, I view  
 The ransack'd town, the agonizing band  
 Of hapless females with dishevell'd locks,  
 Piercing the air with cries; and then, methinks,  
 I am a queen, and hush their clam'rous fears,  
 Change desp'rate terror into rapt'rous joy,  
 And govern with a prosp'rous moderation.  
 When thus my mind's bewilder'd, I remain  
 Lively, or sad, or fix'd in solemn thought,  
 As the wild-woven visions interest.

[Alto]

*Alb.* Much, much I fear that something troubles thee,

For I have oftentimes observed of late,  
Thou'rt absent e'en amidst society;  
As tho' the busy lab'ring of thy breast,  
Taught thee to scorn attentive ceremony.  
O pr'ythee dissipate the low'ring gloom  
That hangs oppressive on thy pensive spirits,  
And deck thy face in smiles and gentleness:  
For all should smile beneath Theresa's reign.

[Exit.

*CLOTILDA sola.*

I doubt Alberto's unaspiring nature  
May not be roused to deeds of dreadful greatness:  
True he is brave, and no mean personal fear  
E'er touch'd his heart, yet will he surely shrink  
From treach'rous daring, and intrepid crime.  
Then let me not unbosom me to him,  
But mask th' intention from his piercing eyes,  
And be myself the bloody executor,  
So he in tranquil innocence shall enjoy  
The dazzling 'vantage of supreme command.

*Enter ARNALDI.*

*Arn.* Not always thus in humble garb array'd,  
I trod with timid step these spacious halls.  
But time, that fleets along on restless wing,  
Bears human happiness for e'er away,

So

So has it mine—Yet will I seek Clotilda,  
 For once she did not scorn me; hah! 'tis she,  
 Alone in deep reflection; the hour suits well.—  
 Madam! if wretchedness may plead excuse  
 For this abrupt intrusion, I surely  
 May be forgiven, for alas! my woes  
 Are seldom parallel'd. Hither I come  
 To throw me at your feet, implore your aid  
 To lift me from a state of grovelling sorrow,  
 And bid returning fortune smile upon me.

*Clot.* I know thee not, intruder! quit my sight.

*Arn.* I am Arnaldi, fallen, lost Arnaldi!  
 Who once enjoy'd your tenderness and friendship.

*Clot.* I do remember, and now greet thee kindly;  
 Then give thy woes an utterance.

*Arn.* It is thou  
 Canst turn the youthful mind of fair Theresa  
 To justice and compassion, tell her, that  
 There was a time, when splendidly I flourish'd  
 In the bright ray of our late sov'reign's favour;  
 His confidant, and friend; until at length  
 By treachery undermin'd, by malice ruin'd,  
 Each post of profit, and of high import,  
 Forc'd I resign'd, and uncondemn'd I bear  
 The stigma of suspicion. Then I found  
 My youthful patrimony, near consum'd,  
 Was all that I retain'd, which scarcely serves  
 To conquer hunger, and subdue my thirst,



Or throw a ruslic cov'ring o'er my limbs.  
 O Madam! think how cruel 'tis to bear  
 Such sad reverse of fortune; fallen thus  
 From wealth and pow'r, to lowest poverty.

*Clot.* [*Aside.*] This man may suit my purpose;—  
 true, Arnaldi!

I have full oft deplored thy fate, and pray'd  
 A pardon for thee, tho' I pray'd in vain.  
 And when thy house was humbled, and thyself  
 Thrown unregarded on the scornful world,  
 I wept the suff'rance I could not prevent:  
 For thou hadst always interest in my thoughts.  
 But say, Arnaldi! has thy silent scorn,  
 Or open satire, e'er provok'd Theresa?

*Arn.* With all humility, and loyal heart,  
 I look'd for justice from her hand, but ne'er  
 Disclos'd the bitter anguish of my soul  
 By mark'd disdain, or public murmuring.

*Clot.* O then it is most marvellous, to see  
 How she abhors thy name; within her breast,  
 Th' apparent seat of mercy, and of love,  
 Dwell rancour, and destructive cruelty.

Thou might'st as easy check the ebbing force  
 Of foamy Neptune with thy naked breast,  
 As try to bid her settled hate subside.

I fear, my friend! that greater grief awaits thee,  
 And not forgiveness.

*Arn.* O Heavens!

*Clot.*

*Clot.* Yet, yet methinks, there is a road may lead  
 Thy footsteps to prosperity ; but perhaps  
 Thou with a coward's patience dost prefer  
 To bear thy wrongs, than manfully avenge them.  
 O canst thou, nurs'd in wealth, and train'd to glory,  
 Accustom'd to behold a cringing crowd  
 Court thy protecting smile, and bend before thee,  
 Now wander up and down, in threadbare sorrow,  
 This alter'd town, to meet the cold neglect  
 Of unobserving greatness, and encounter  
 The wretch's humour of equality ?  
 Were thy lot mine, far other thoughts would rouse  
 My burning breast, and settled deep revenge  
 Should be the polar star to guide my course  
 Thro' the rough waves of mis'ry and despair.

*Arn.* Nor is my mind dead to a glorious vengeance,  
 Did any luring prospect of success,  
 Or hopes of happier days encourage it.

*Clot.* That's nobly said, pursue th' heroic thought;  
 And if thou find but any means to crush  
 The glitt'ring asp that lurks on Milan's throne,  
 That midst the fragrant flow'rs of courtesy  
 Prepares to wound us all with venom'd sting,  
 I here pronounce thy fortunes shall be raised  
 To their accustom'd splendor, for the deed  
 Will place the scepter in Alberto's hand,  
 And I can bend his pliant disposition  
 To my desires. If I but give the word,

My enemies shall vanish from my sight,  
 Like earthly mists before the morning blast ;  
 And where I point my favour, shall descend  
 A copious show'r of all-refreshing bounty.

*Arn.* Thy words, thus pouring on my heart, are  
 oil

That makes the latent fire rush forth in blaze :  
 Give thy commands, and I with promptitude,  
 And steady resolution, will perform them,  
 Whatever they may be. Acquainted long  
 With narrow suff'rance, pains contemptible,  
 And all the rending littleness of want,  
 I gaze upon a greatly impious deed,  
 And think it glory : fear alike is fled  
 With moulder'd wealth, and faded reputation.  
 Then bid me seek the solitary cave,  
 Where sleeps the brinded wolf in grim repose,  
 To drag him forth, and I'll not hesitate ;  
 Or plant a dagger in the lily breast  
 Of timid innocence, and I'll obey thee.

*Clot.* We must be speedy in all desp'rate acts——  
 Consider wisely, firmly execute.——  
 Receive this key, it opes a secret door  
 In the lone wall near St. Antonio's dome ;  
 Thence comes a secret passage to my chamber ;  
 Which thou wilt traverse, at the silent hour,  
 When solemn Midnight spreads her dark'ning  
 wings :

And

And nought is heard, save the fierce felon's tread  
 Pacing to meet his comrades; O Arnaldi!  
 Hasten to me then, and let thy bosom burn  
 With dire revenge, and unrelenting rage,  
 For I shall have an action to propose,  
 That will require a heart of adamant.

*Arn.* Doubt me not;

I am not to be shaken; but explain—

*Clot.* Are we unnoticed; hangs no list'ning ear  
 Attentive on the purport of my words?  
 Know then, I will prepare a cordial drink  
 Shall calm for e'er Theresa's restless spirit:  
 The which thy hand shall minister.—How's this?  
 Thy abject eye seems bursting with dismay,  
 And pallid terror trembles on thy cheek;  
 Hast thou forgot her hatred, and thy wrongs,  
 Or certain recompense I promised?

*Arn.* No.

I am wound up to execute; my soul  
 Recoil'd a moment from the dire attempt,  
 And now returns again with double firmness.  
 But how shall I gain entrance to her bed?

*Clot.* She occupies the chamber of her father,  
 From mine to which there is a hidden way,  
 The duke's contrivance, only known to me,  
 Made for convenience of our sportful hours.  
 So shalt thou gain admittance to thy prey,  
 And from behind the arras steal upon her;

Then



Then either force her drain th' oblivious cup,  
 Or fix a mortal poignard in her heart!  
 I would myself have done it; but I fear  
 A momentary weakness of my sex  
 Might shake my purpose, at the very time;  
 When hesitation would be my destruction.  
 Thus faithfully perform'd, thou shalt be rais'd  
 To Milan's proudest honours, and thy house  
 Shall back retort the scorn it has received,  
 Upon the heads of all thy enemies.

*Arn.* This night it shall be done; and why should I  
 Let weak compassion turn me from the deed?  
 For none can pity me! then let me wade  
 With daring steps thro' crimes, until I reach  
 The wish'd for port, when, like the fortunate,  
 I'll damn the humble villain, turn to scorn  
 The baleful vices of necessity,  
 And grant no virtue in the man that errs,  
 Whate'er the fatal cause or circumstance.

*Clot.* Thou hast much injury to inflame thy rage,  
 And I to urge it, as thou soon shalt know;  
 But leave me now, Arnaldi! lest my son  
 Chance to return, and to behold thee here,  
 Might raise suspicion to disturb hereafter.  
 Has no one mark'd thy entrance?

*Arn.* O no; disguised in poverty, I passed  
 With others thro' the gate, while the stern guard  
 Disdain'd

Disdain'd to challenge such a wretch as I.  
All unobserv'd I hither bent my course.

*Clot.* Then hasten to yon chamber for a while,  
There lie conceal'd, and I will meet thee soon;  
When we will sagely meditate, and prepare  
The necessary prelude to our greatness.  
Thence thou may'st hie thee home the way I mention'd,  
And so return at midnight.

*Arn.* It shall be done. [Exit]

*Clot.* So pliant is the virtue of the poor,  
The fallen poor, who once have known the sweets  
Of better time; not those, whose industry,  
Tho' hardly exercised in humblest toil,  
Gives daily bread, and careless independence.  
'Tis well I profit by this wretch's want,  
And save myself the horror of the deed.  
No longer Milan's sceptre shall elude  
Alberto's grasp, for on Theresa's death  
He is th' appointed heir, and must be duke.  
O fable Night! bring quick th' important hour  
To ratify th' intent; for thou, dread queen!  
Altho' to frequency of crimes inured,  
Shalt view an act of gloomiest dignity.  
So when thy rival, fresh Aurora, opens  
Her laughing eyes beneath the front of Heaven,  
She shall behold Clotilda's pow'r complete.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Bed-chamber in the Palace. CLOTILDA sola.**A Lamp burning.*

CLOTILDA.

IS it, alas!  
 The penalty and sad concomitant of guilt,  
 That time for ever now must labour on,  
 With secret workings of unbosom'd pain?  
 Ah no! the tyrant conscience soon throws by  
 His blunted shafts, and reason laughs to scorn.  
 Each servile fear.—He said it should be done  
 Ere light appear'd, nor is the day yet broke,  
 Nor have the busy race of toil begun  
 Their early murmurings; Milan's late-throng'd streets  
 Seem like some lonely cloister's pensive aisles.  
 Perhaps th' attempt has fail'd, then dark despair  
 And shame must fall upon me; and my son  
 Bow the base knee to his own father's daughter,  
 Because her birth was sanction'd by the priest,  
 And his unlicens'd. O forbid it pride!  
 Ambition too prevent it!—Ha! who's there?

*Enter*

*Enter ALBERTO.*

*Alb.* O grant me pardon, mother, at this hour!—  
What means that start, the look of wild-dismay,  
This early watchfulness? 'tis very strange!

*Clot.* Be not surprized,  
For often when the night-flies break my rest,  
Or shrill winds whistle, or the cricket cries,  
I quit an irksome bed, and to and fro  
Traverse my room till day-light, fancy then  
Teems with wild thought, and each slight noise alarms  
me.

But, say, my son! at this unusual hour,  
Why dost thou seek me?—for tho' always joy  
Attends thy presence, now 'tis mix'd with wonder.  
Would he were gone before Arnaldi comes. [*Aside.*

*Alb.* After you left the table, for a while  
Theresa staid, being in merry mood;  
And by her gay discourse, and artless wit,  
Won ev'ry hearer's love; the old she charm'd,  
Pointing her mirthful satire at the vain;  
The foplings of her court; while they themselves,  
For some were present, laugh'd with willing heart,  
To find their foibles drolly singular;  
For in her ridicule was no disgrace.  
The spacious hall, with echo of her praise  
Refounded; when I, with voice prophetic,

Cried,



Cried, to retort her humour, gentle sister!  
Would princely Carlo were but here to tame thee!

*Clot.* And canst thou thus lavish thy praises forth  
On her, who mars thy fortune?

*Alb.* Attend the sequel,—scarce had she retired,  
When thro' the palace arch, with rattling hoof,  
A swift steed brings the wish'd-for messenger;  
For 'twas with news of Carlo that he came.  
By this, the prince is near, for day and night  
He has pursued his journey, like a lover  
Warm and sincere, and worthy of Theresa.  
These tidings pleased me so, I would not sleep,  
But rather chose with watchful readiness,  
To wait the coming of my friend, my brother.

*Clot.* Thy friend! thy brother!

*Alb.* My friend he is, for we have fought together  
And will be soon my brother! but, Clotilda!  
Excuse my rash intrusion, since you know  
The rapt'rous cause that urged it.

*Clot.* O! call it not intrusion, for the tidings  
Have struck me deeply—with delight—but now  
I must require thee—leave me to repose—  
That sinking nature claims.

*Alb.* You do well,  
Compose yourself a little, for you're pale,  
And something overpow'rs you; when you're better,  
Go to Theresa, 'tis a pleasing task,

And

And wake the heav'nly maid to love and transport.

Meanwhile I'll hasten to prepare a welcome

For noble-minded Carlo—so adieu.

*Exit.*

*Clot.* Thanks to indulgent fortune thou art gone;—

How did thy presence, at this pregnant time

Of busy mischief, shake each secret nerve!

'Tis very like, perhaps I'm pale—O Chance!

This is thy cruel sport, young Carlo comes

Flush'd with the mingled, pleasing expectation,

To wed Theresa, and to reign in Milan,

But he shall find her in the arms of Death;

And the proud dukedom fallen to my son

By legal course; for so his father will'd,

In case the maiden died. Yet 'tis unlucky,

For the too prying prince, burning with love,

And stung to fury by his baffled hopes,

May happen to suspect; well let him then,

For I will 'scape suspicion, my hot tears

Shall glide unnumber'd, and my sea-like breast

Shall labour with a tempest of affliction,

'Till half the pity to Theresa due,

Be turn'd on me her melancholy mourner.

But O! perhaps she lives, Arnaldi's false—

If so, ambition be his curse, for then

My schemes are vain, Alberto's greatness gone.—

Now, now he comes, my fate is on his lips.

*L*

*Enter*

*Enter ARNALDI, by a private door.*

*Arn.* Therefa sleeps for ever!

*Clot.* 'Tis well, but tell me all.

*Arn.* 'Twas three hours after midnight, as thou know'st,

When with a creeping sacrilegious step  
The private stairs I mounted to her chamber.  
Just as I pass'd the opening tow'rd the garden,  
Methought her father's spectre threaten'd me,  
And as I cautious turn'd thy traitor key,  
The lonely Night-fowl shriek'd the note of death;  
Then my limbs trembled, and my hair uprose.

*Clot.* Didst thou recoil!

*Arn.* I paused a moment only, and then enter'd—  
But O! what forceful language can describe  
The innocent beauty of the sleeping fair!  
Hadst thou been there, it would have chang'd thy  
heart,  
And melted thee to mercy.

*Clot.* Is she not dead then?

*Arn.* The quiv'ring lamp, as conscious of the deed,  
E'en strove to hide its light; and the carv'd cupids  
That adorn her bed, seem'd to plead for her.

*Clot.* Didst thou refuse?

*Arn.* No, I determin'd stood,  
Like some relentless tyger of the desert,  
To gaze awhile upon my destin'd prey.

*Clot.*

*Clot.* And when you woke her, was she not in fear?

*Arn.* Her cheek grew whiter than her throbbing breast,

Her eye look'd frantic, and with falt'ring tongue  
She cried, What wouldst thou here? I answer'd,  
Peace, listen, and obey,—accept this cup,  
Thy brother's mother sends it. Here she scream'd,  
Then with uplifted dagger I pursued;  
Shriek not, Theresa—or within thy heart  
This steel shall rankle; since thou needs must die,  
Drain the calm cup, and die without a pain.

*Clot.* And so she drank it?

*Arn.* After a show'r of tears, and many prayers,  
To change my stubborn heart,  
Finding all hope was vain, she drank it up:  
Implor'd forgiveness on thy head and mine,  
Then turn'd her with a piteous sigh, and slept.

*Clot.* What made thee loiter when the act was o'er?

*Arn.* A giddy horror seized my brain, and then  
Cold fearful stupor sunk me to the floor;  
Where long I lay, if so my absence seem.  
When sense renew'd the consciousness of crime,  
I with a coward's agitated step,  
Quitted the murder'd loveliness of virtue,  
And hither came to tear my villain's hair,  
Beat my mean breast, and curse my poverty.

*Clot.* Thanks to thy manly firmness, bold Arnaldi!



Which let no idle agony disgrace ;

Hast thou not heard of Carlo's near arrival ?

*Arn.* Of Carlo's near arrival, sayst thou ? no ;  
That may promote enquiry, and breed danger.

*Clot.* To us it cannot, we are sov'reign now,  
And Justice waits our nod ; but yet beware,

Nor ever in discourse appear mysterious ;

But mask thy secret thoughts with open brow.

And when at table, or in public talk,

Cold Observation whispers forth his doubts,

And Malice prattles of 'Theresa's death,

Bestow a casual heed, but no remarks ;

Like one to whom such great events import not.

Soon as the gen'ral wonder shall subside,

And new ideas turn to common thoughts ;

When brave Alberto shall be firmly fix'd

Upon the throne, thy recompence shall come.

*Arn.* I trust me to thy bounty and protection.

*Clot.* Expect thy just reward.

*Arn.* So fare thee well.

[*Exit.*

*Clot.* And thou shalt have thy just reward, Arnaldi !

For to thy guard I will not trust my honour,

Hard-hearted murderer ! thou canst nothing urge

In poor extenuation of thy deed

But avarice, and base servility ;

While I can plead, in the dark act's excuse,

Maternal hate, ambition, pride, and hate.

Then

Then shall thy death appease Theresa's shade,  
 And thus my justice wipe away my crime.  
 Nor will I seek my couch, that when the news  
 Of young Theresa's death shall shake the palace,  
 I may be found in seeming calm repose.

[*CLOTILDA throws herself upon the Bed, and  
 the Scene closes.*]

---

S C E N E II.

*In the Palace.*

*Enter ALBERTO, and a Neapolitan Lord.*

*Alb.* Left you his highness far behind, my lord?

*Lord.* Another hour will bring him to your gates,  
 And willingly he speeds, for he admires  
 The hospitable manners of your town,  
 Your beauteous ladies, and your valiant youths.  
 Yet most his spirit languishes to view  
 Your royal sister,—her he loves sincere,  
 And her alone; but eight short months are gone  
 Since last he left her; yet he oft will talk  
 Of ages past in absence. The gay court  
 Of Naples found him, on return, no more  
 The laughter-loving prince, who sported wild  
 Midst social mirth, and liveliest dissipation,  
 But sad, and pensive; fond of solitude,  
 He only chose to seek the cypress grove,

What time unruffled evening's dewy hand  
Bedecks in blushing robe her fav'rite star.

*Alb.* 'Tis true he loves,  
Oft have I seen him dwell with raptur'd eye  
On every varying charm of fair Theresa—  
Nor does he need our pity.—It were well  
She knew of his approach, lest joy, perchance,  
To meet him unexpected, should appear  
Like sorrow, and dissolve in tears.  
Who waits there?

*Enter ATTENDANT.*

*Alb.* Go tell the ladies of her highness' chamber  
To give her information when she wake,  
That royal Carlo hastens to her court.

*Attend.* It shall be so, my Lord.

*Alb.* O! he's a noble and a generous youth,  
Open of heart, benevolent, and valiant.

*Lord.* Next to Theresa, most he loves Alberto,  
And boasts thy friendship with a manly pride,  
Protecting in the circle of this world,  
For virtue, honour, spirit, feeling, truth,  
There lives not thy superior.

*Alb.* His praise to merit, and to share his friendship,  
Is all I ask, and the chief bliss I wish him,  
The dear possession of Theresa's beauty:  
For she is as the counterpart of him,  
Lovely and perfect.

*Enter*

*Enter LUCINDA.*

*Luc.* O direful fate, O miserable hour!  
She's gone, she's gone, dead, dead! [*Faints.*

*Alb.* Dead, dead! Ah who! what dost thou mean,  
Lucinda?

Now she revives, down, down my breaking heart!

*Luc.* Alas! Alberto, must I tell thee all,  
And plant a dagger in thy soul, but O!  
My royal mistress, my beloved sister,  
Is lost, is gone for ever!

*Alb.* Theresa dead! speak not the fatal word!  
My tender sister, my fond heart's delight!  
And must my Carlo thus be welcom'd here,  
Feel what I feel? there's madness in the thought!  
And have I 'scaped the rage of war for this?

*Lord.* Too much I prove the anguish of his heart,  
To offer comfort; I'll retire, and weep. [*Exit.*

*Enter CLOTILDA.*

*Clot.* Ah me, Alberto! how shall I support  
These dreadful tidings? poor Theresa's death,  
So unexpected, loads my heart with grief,  
And turns my eyes to sluices, whence flows out  
A stream of useless pity; O my son!  
'Tis just we mourn, yet should we reason too.

*Enter*



*Enter ATTENDANT.*

*Attend.* My Lord, prince Carlo is arrived. *[Exit.]*

*Alb.* I cannot, will not see him; let me fly  
To some cold cavern, desolate, and drear,  
Far from the haunts of men, where hated light  
Shall be for e'er excluded, far from love,  
And social intercourse, and friendship's ties,  
Where I may wander like the raging wolf,  
Howling my midnight sorrows all alone.

Madam! you seem to bear this matter coolly,  
And reason down your feelings, you may therefore  
Receive ill-fated Carlo, and unfold  
The horrible despair, while I escape  
The dreadful shock to see a suff'ring friend,  
Without a pow'r to help him. *[Exit.]*

*Clo.* Gentle Lucinda! suffer not your grief  
To overpower you thus, be more composed;  
My bosom struggles with a cruel load,  
Heavy as thine, yet will I not despair;  
Despair is impious, 'tis to call in doubt  
Th' eternal justice of the Lord of all.

*Luc.* 'Twas sad to see how tranquilly she lay,  
Her features settled, not her visage chang'd,  
As tho' exulting innocence had chose  
To make death lovely.—O! my heart will break!

*[Exit.]*

*Clo.*

*Clot.* Now for another blust'ring scene with Carlo,  
 Of rending hair, and beating breasts and rage,  
 And all is over. Yet 'tis well I've order'd  
 Therefa's body to be laid in peace,  
 'Midst the cold relics of her ancestors. [*Exit.*]

*S C E N E III.*

*A Chamber in the Palace.*

*ALBERTO solus.*

I must believe it so, for I have mark'd  
 Her gaze with envious eye on my poor sister,  
 Who never knew suspicion, or design.  
 Thou fain would'st make me Duke, base, base Clotil-  
 da!

Little thou knew'st my heart, if thou could'st think  
 That it was fashion'd so, first to approve,  
 And then to profit by the desp'rate act.  
 But from the secret longings of thy soul,  
 Thou didst conceive of me: Beetle-ey'd ambition,  
 With headlong fury, winds his eager flight  
 'Gainst each abhorred crime. O mother, mother!  
 And must I still confess myself thy son!  
 Had I not all the vainest could desire,  
 Wealth, pow'r, and honour, dignity, respect?  
 Plac'd in the palace, I did more than reign,  
 Thro' the bright medium of Therefa's virtue.

Nay,

Nay, even thou wert treated like a sov'reign.  
 Yet, if thou'rt innocent, I suspect thee vilely !  
 Ah no ! 'tis true beyond the hope of error,  
 Else why that haggard cheek, that downcast eye  
 With which I found thee at the very time  
 My hapless sister perished ? O Clotilda !  
 Thou hadst much reason then to look confus'd ;  
 Well might'st thou shake, for then the gentle maid  
 Perhaps was struggling with the damn'd design ;  
 Or on her knees, in unavailing tears,  
 Striving to melt her butcher. Heavenly powers !  
 I'll see her lovely body as it lies,  
 The senseless prey of all-devouring death,  
 And should my tears permit me, will observe  
 If she have suffer'd aught of violence.  
 How did the thought escape me ! Ho, who's there ?

*Enter Servant.*

*Alb.* Hasten, lead me to the melancholy chamber  
 Where lie Theresa's sad remains.

*Serv.* My lord ! e'en now with decent privacy,  
 To the sepulchral vault of Milan's house,  
 The corse was borne by order of Clotilda,  
 Who said some future day should be appointed  
 For public rites, religious ceremony,  
 And the due requiem of her parted soul.

*Alb.* 'Tis enough ! away. *[Exit Servant.]*

That

That shall not screen thee, madam ! yet indeed  
'Twas wond'rous expeditious—but I'll think on't

*Enter CLOTILDA.*

*Clot.* My son, Alberto !  
Rouse from thy lethargy of grief, nor let  
Thy private cares o'ercome all public spirit.  
Know, that the senate wait in rev'rence due  
Thy royal prefrence to proclaim thee duke.

*Alb.* How fares prince Carlo, madam ?

*Clot.* Alas ! unequal to the sudden shock,——  
His reason left him, at the very time  
He had most need of all his fortitude.  
Strangely he rav'd with incoherent speech,  
And frantic gesture ; while the noble lords  
Of his illustrious train, with soothing sorrow,  
Convey'd him to his chamber ; where they strive  
To calm, and comfort him—tho' much I fear,  
They long may strive in vain.

*Alb.* Ill-fated Carlo !

Thy suff'rance throws fresh mis'ry on my heart,  
That was o'ercharg'd before. Clotilda ! Madam !

*Clot.* My son !

*Alb.* Observe me well, meet with a steady look  
My searching eye ; nay, nay, thou dost not tremble,  
Yet art thou pale ;—do not turn pale, lest I  
Should think thee guilty of some horrid crime.

*Clot.*



*Clot.* What dost thou mean, Alberto?

*Alb.* Some crime so dark, so cruel, and so base,  
That it must take from Heaven the right of mercy,  
And doom the agent to eternal pain,  
At thought of which, my op'ning pores distil  
A deadly dew, and ev'ry sensible nerve  
Thrills with a strange vibration.

*Clot.* Surely thy reason wavers also!

*Alb.* Mark my words,  
Much do I pity those who kill'd Theresa,  
But more abhor them—let not that alarm thee.  
Thou art an innocent woman, and my mother,  
And thou would'st wish to see thy son advanc'd,  
Thyself in pow'r; but there perhaps thou'lt fail.  
While all thy high-built, guilty expectations,  
Shall quit thee ere the hour of consummation.

*Clot.* Wilt thou not deign, proud youth, to rule  
in Milan?

*Alb.* Since thou'rt so eager, madam! in this business,

Haste to the senate, make my pleasure known,  
If it besit thy sex, and thy condition!  
That, being troubled with a froward mind,  
And little able to direct the state,  
I am beside less willing—I refuse,  
Without the shadow of hypocrisy,  
All proffer'd honours, titles, dignities—

*Clot.*

*Clot.* This grief effeminate, these grov'ling thoughts  
But ill become——

*Alb.* Now, by my soul, tho' Milan were the world,  
I would not be seduced to mount the throne.  
What, shall I view my sister torn away  
By ruffian violence, and shall I profit  
Of the black deed?—no, hear my last resolve,  
Not all the charms of fortune, or of pow'r,  
Th' entreating clamours of the populace,  
Nor yet my boasted right, nor more, my duty,  
Shall e'er induce me to be sov'reign here.  
I am a bastard of but little worth,  
Yet much I fear me, worthier than my mother,  
And therefore will not bring my faults to light  
Amid the dazzling splendor of a throne.  
Nor shall thy gentle shade, Theresa! see  
Alberto rise to greatness by thy murder!

*Clot.* [*kneeling.*] O let me thus implore thee on my  
knees

To act more nobly; look on her who bore thee,  
And change thy——

*Alb.* Kneel not to me, but go and kneel to Hea-  
ven,

And do it with contrition; to obtain  
Mercy, and pardon; but for me I'm fix'd——  
Yet, ere we part;—Theresa's sepulture,  
By thy command, so hasty, and unhonour'd,  
Occasions wonder;—think upon my words. [*Exit.*

*Clot.* Go, vent thy malice on th' embattled plain,  
 Or bid thy soldiers shake. I heed thee not.  
 Yet dost thou scorn the dukedom, base Alberto!  
 Have I then loaded thus my soul with sin  
 To lift thee into greatness, but in vain?  
 And torn the sceptre from Theresa's hand,  
 To cast it to the people? who, beside,  
 Will quickly work my downfall, for they hate me,  
 And hitherto have paid me cold respect,  
 Unwillingly, because I dwelt in favour.  
 But since my hopes are ruin'd by my son,  
 Thro' mere caprice of over-acted honour,  
 My bright day's star is set, and I must fall.  
 For ever then I tear him from my love,  
 And here devote him to severest vengeance;  
 Consoling vengeance! thee I invoke,  
 Wrapt in terrific mystery, and rage,  
 To soothe me with thy horror-breathing smile;  
 I am thy vot'ry now, be thou my guide!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Another Chamber in the Palace.* CARLO, ANTONIO.

CARLO.

I WILL not wrong him, for I know my friend,  
And that he would not act the traitor's part,  
Tho' ev'ry kingdom should unite its crown  
To diadem his head. Is he not brave?  
And say, did ever selfish meanness dwell  
In the rich circle of a brave man's heart?  
Then we will join in sorrows to discover  
The loathed author of our mutual woe;  
The wretch, who tore Theresa from my arms,  
And stole the loveliest jewel of the world.

*Ant.* 'Tis wisely judg'd, ne'er could Alberto stoop  
To work a deed so foul.

*Enter CLOTILDA.*

*Clot.* O let me claim thy private ear a while,  
Illustrious prince! for I have that to say  
Requires a solemn, and severe attention.  
Far better suited to my fearful tale,  
Were charnels dismal, and the gloom of night,  
Than this refulgent cheerfulness of day.

M 2

For



For 'tis not crude suspicion bids me speak,  
But clear and awful confirmation shakes

My agonizing breast; whereof the purport  
I would disclose to thee alone.

*Car.* My lord! be pleased to leave us.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.]

*Clot.* How strong the mother working at my  
heart,

Combats with justice! O, ye spirits impure!

Who hover o'er this earth, whose business is

To numb the feelings of th' assassin's soul,

Dry up each pity-flowing tear, and change

Mæk nature's tenderness to cruelty.

O breathe a portion of your fury here,

That this parental weakness may not check

My duty to my country, and mankind!

*Car.* What means Clotilda?

*Clot.* I scarcely know myself, for in my mind  
Confusion reigns and unavailing grief.

Detested murder! to the common eye

That seem'd most shocking, how dost thou appear

View'd thro' the anguish of a mother's love!

*Car.* Alas! thy words strike terror to my soul.

*Clot.* Ah me! 'tis I who caus'd Theresa's death,

By bearing such a monster; so 'twere just,

I should receive the bursting punishment

Due to his crimes.

*Car.*

*Car.* Quick, quick, Clotilda! free my lab'ring  
breast  
Of this severe suspense.

*Clot.* In yon blue vault, methinks Theresa sits,  
Calmly refulgent, as the full-orb'd moon,  
When rising from the wat'ry waste, she throws  
Her lustrous pearls upon the tossing waves.

Yet sadness hangs upon the maiden's brow,  
To mark the torments of her brother's guilt,  
And base ambition's triumph over virtue.  
Perchance, she raises now some hallow'd hymn,  
'Midst glowing seraphim, and cherub pure,  
T' implore the mercy of all-pitying Heaven,  
Upon her murderer.

*Car.* O speak thy thoughts, lest cruel expectation  
Break my sad heart before I know the worst.

*Clot.* I must not, will not screen him, tho' he is  
Dearer to me than life, or life's best joys.  
Nor will I see his bloody hands defile  
The crown of Milan—'tis Theresa's voice,  
From the chill sepulchre, that cries for justice,  
And I'll obey the call of her, and truth.  
Know then, most royal Carlo! yesternight,  
When my lov'd sov'reign took her flight to Heaven,  
As chance I lay a stranger to repose,  
I heard a shrill shriek issue from the chamber  
Where slept the royal maid. I started up,

And op'ning cautiously my door, beheld  
 Alberto quit her room, with silent tread;  
 And as he passed me by, he inly mutter'd,  
 "The deed is done, my hopes are ratified!"

*Car.* Why didst thou not inform me so before,  
 At our first interview? for had I known it  
 One hour ago, ere this he'd been in hell.

*Clot.* Think on the struggles of a parent's weakness,

That could not suddenly devote her child  
 To sure destruction, and dark infamy.

And now I do repent of what I've done,

For desp'rate anger frowns upon thy brow,

And evil will betide him. Do not, Carlo!

Snatch my poor son from penitence, and pray'r,

For he has need of utmost length of days,

To mourn his crimes, and make his peace above.

I must retire—but O be merciful! *[Exit.]*

*Car.* And could ambition thus defile thy soul,

Once brave Alberto! could the tinsel train

Of servile courtiers, or the bauble crown,

Allure thy spirit to so damn'd a deed?

O man! how weak is all thy boasted virtue!

When strong temptation urges thee to wrong;

Nay, since my once-lov'd friend is sunk thus low,

I of myself am void of confidence.

Yet here I tear all friendship from my breast,

And

And pledge myself to vindicate the wrongs  
Of lov'd Theresa—yes, my sword shall pierce  
The unrelenting traitor's coward heart.

*Enter ALBERTO.*

*Alb.* My noble friend ! it is to thee I come  
To ease my throbbing breast, and share thy woes !  
So shall soft sympathy, perhaps, beguile  
The grief that knows no cure ; how, how is this ?  
Methinks with vengeful brow, and fierce disdain,  
Thou look'st reproaches on me. Righteous Heaven !  
I recollect me now, his brain's disturb'd. [*Aside.*  
O call me to thy mind, illustrious Carlo !  
I am Alberto, who has fought beside thee.

*Car.* Do not, Alberto ! calm thy guilty fears  
With supposition that my reason errs ;  
It err'd alone, when I conceiv'd thee just,  
Friendly and honourable ; but it knows thee now,  
A soul-contracted hypocrite, and a villain.

*Alb.* Alas ! poor youth, he thinks not what he  
says,  
Lost in a labyrinth of mingled woe.  
Subdue thy rage, my best-beloved Carlo !  
Nor wound my ears with such afflictive sounds  
Of vile upbraidings, and discordant frenzy.

*Car.* Attend my words,—when first my soul re-  
ceiv'd

The dreadful tidings of Theresa's death ;

*As*



As right I deem'd, by treachery procur'd;  
 Convulsive nature own'd a sudden weakness;  
 And sunk beneath a momentary madness;  
 But now I know myself; thee too I know,  
 I know thee for a low ambitious coward,  
 False to thy friend, thy country, and thy sister,  
 A traitor every way, and, more, a murderer.

*Alb.* No further tempt my moderation, Carlo!  
 Nor cast such false indignities upon me:  
 Left I, forgetful of all tender ties,  
 Should scorn the social bonds of host and friend,  
 And punish thee for such unjust suspicion.  
 I am no traitor, and no coward I.

*Car.* Say, was it noble, generous and brave,  
 To steal, at midnight, with a ruffian's step,  
 And bathe thy hangman's hands in innocent blood?  
 Was it a brother's love, a soldier's pride,  
 That urg'd the deed? 'twas damnable ambition;  
 Which bade thy shameless spirit wish to reign.  
 Go, reign a slave, and be thy state thy curse.  
 But first I dare thee draw thy tarnish'd sword  
 In vile support of crime; while I will come  
 Arm'd with the fury of despairing love,  
 And rage of injur'd friendship to the combat.

*Alb.* Then be it so, I shall not wish to fail thee.—

*Car.* Name thou some hour and place of solitude,  
 Sacred to gloomy death, and grim revenge,

Fit for the solemn conflict ; there to prove  
If infamy, or justice, shall prevail.

I once did love thee well, that time is o'er,  
And now I call thee forth with deadly hate;  
For be assured, or thou, or I must fall.

Then if to me the victory belong,  
Theresa from her bless'd abode shall smile.

*Alb.* 'Tis like she may ; and let me add, I praise  
Thy val'rous bearing as a soldier should.

Nor will I shrink thro' consciousness of crime,  
Or dread of all thy haughty menaces —  
Near to the ivy-crown'd mausoleum

Of Milan's royal race, where wither now  
The beauties of Theresa, is a spot  
That suits our purpose well ; I'll there confront  
thee.

'Tis just without the gates, and soon as e'er  
The sickly moon shall raise her blunted horns  
Above th' horizon, and around be heard  
The far wolf's famish'd howlings, that awake  
The sitting screech-owl's melancholy cry,  
There shall thy wish'd-for triumph be complete.

*Car.* Till then, a short adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Moonlight. The Mausoleum of the Dukes of Milan.*

*Enter CLOTILDA.*

*Clot.* O how congenial to my gloomy soul  
 Are these dumb horrors! hide thy lucid face,  
 Thou melancholy moon! for sure thou throw'st  
 With too much luxury thy glitt'ring beams,  
 T' adorn this mould'ring mansion of the dead:—  
 O rather rise, ye rending hurricanes!  
 Loaded with lamentation, and despair,  
 And sooth my ear with desolating song.  
 Such is the music I require, to breathe  
 In solemn unison with my dark designs;  
 And ye, unconscious relicts! that repose  
 In silent satire of magnificence,  
 That free from human cares, and wild desires,  
 Own the relentless tyrant's putrid sway,  
 All hail! I come to rouse your dull abode  
 With busy crime! And thou, Theresa's shade!  
 Let me appease thee now, for here I wait  
 To slay the base destroyer, and to place  
 Thy murder'd murderer beside thy corse.  
 Methinks the victim lingers! haste, Arnaldi!  
 Receive thy recompense, for lo! the end  
 [Puts her Hand upon a Dagger.]

OF

Of all thy expectations meets thee here.

Yonder he comes, I hear his eager step——

O let me feel my bosom to its purpose!

*Enter ARNALDI.*

*Arn.* Obedient to thy wish, behold me here;  
But tell me why thou didst appoint a time  
When all the virtuous court the arms of sleep,  
And mischief wanders forth? why this drear scene,  
Where silence watches the remains of death?

It is most strange. Alas! my mind forebodes

Some overhanging evil: Speak, Clotilda!

*Clot.* Hear then, Therefa in this tomb reposes;

A few hours past inter'd; for so I order'd;

Left by delay might be incurr'd some danger.——

Now, in the hurry of the time, with her

The richest diamond of the state was buried;

Which sparkled on her finger; that t' obtain,

I pray'd thy presence here; afraid to explore

Alone, the darksome vault of grisly Death.

Then guide my steps, Arnaldi! and protect me

From apprehension of creative terror;

So shall the jewel in reward be thine.

Here, take the key, and wrench the iron bolt

That holds in bondage vile the race of Milan.

*Arn.* 'Tis well that I, the minister of death,

Should from the dead receive my just reward.

Thou



Thou dreary chamber ! ope thy hungry jaws,

[*He unlocks the Sepulchre.*

And let the living enter ;—Ha ! see there,  
Yon glimm'ring lamp a paly lustre sheds  
On cold Theresa's cheek ; outstretch'd she lies  
In deep repose I gave ;—within my breast,  
Ten thousand horrors dwell, and sad remorse  
Sits thron'd a tyrant—mark, in awful range,  
The sov'reign house of far-renowned Milan,  
Lie side by side in social nothingness.  
And lo ! Theresa ! still she seems to reign  
O'er the dull kingdom of relentless death ;  
Herself the bridal partner of his sway.  
I cannot enter, for my trembling knees  
Forget their office, and unusual dread  
Hangs on my spirits—forward, brave Clotilda !  
And tear the glowing jewel from her hand,  
While I await thee here.

*Clot.* Dost thou, inur'd to crimes of blackest dye,  
School'd in all villany, and lost to shame,  
Presume to shudder now, and hesitate,  
Like a young maiden, o'er her lover's grave ?  
Come on then, boldly—when I lead the way,  
Thou sure may'st follow. Hark ! I hear the steps  
Of some approaching, let us quick retire  
From curious observation.

[*They go into the Mausoleum, and shut the Gates.*

*Enter*

*Enter ALBERTO and CARLO.*

*Alb.* This is the sepulchre where sleep Theresa,  
And her illustrious ancestors; and here,  
If chance thy arm should vindicate her wrongs,  
I too shall rest.——

*Car.* Draw, draw thy sword, nor work upon my  
friendship,  
But be the noble youth my love once spoke thee.  
Ere thou hadst lost thyself, and kill'd Theresa.

*Alb.* I scorn to talk of innocence to thee,  
Since that thou know'st me not; yet much I mourn  
The deep regret, and anguish thou prepar'st thee.

*Car.* War not with words, Alberto! I despise  
Such mean, unmanly murm'rings, draw thy sword,—  
Theresa's injuries rising to my thought,  
Inflame my rage, and shall direct my blade  
To the curst bosom of her base destroyer.

*[They fight, ALBERTO throws himself upon the  
Sword of CARLO, and falls.]*

*Alb.* Thanks to thy sword, my Carlo! it is done,  
And I no longer shall offend thy fight,  
Nor suffer thy upbraidings;—yet 'tis strange,  
In youth's gay prime to close the languid eye  
Upon the splendid picture of the world,  
And break each fond attachment; but, farewell!  
The various interests of active life,

The social intercourse of friendly men,  
 And glory's luring charms, all, all farewell!  
 I now must be a banquet for the worms.

*Car.* Why didst thou throw thee on my sword  
 Without a contest? didst thou wish to die,  
 And spare thy once lov'd friend? But O! forgive  
 The vengeful stroke, that robs thee of thy life,  
 And leaves me to despair; so gracious Heaven  
 May pardon thee the murder of Theresa.  
 Yet while thou canst, confess the fatal deed  
 For which I pierc'd thy bosom, so shall I  
 Better compose my mind,—thou die the better.

*Alb.* Suppose me guilty, Carlo! of the act  
 For which I die, lest grief, and sad remorse,  
 Prey on thy youthful days: I love thee well,  
 And wish thee happy, and may Heaven bestow  
 Mercy on me, as freely I forgive thee.  
 Thou'st acted nobly, Carlo! as became thee!  
 And if thou e'er shouldst think that thou hast err'd,  
 Remember, error is the lot of man.

I bleed apace, and visionary forms  
 Crowd o'er my senses,—I must pause awhile.

*Car.* Spare me, ye minist'ring pow'rs  
 Of Heaven's high vengeance! rather, rather crush  
 me—

He's innocent! O mark his dying brow,  
 Free from all symptom of disturbing guilt;  
 Yes, he is innocent, and I myself

Am

Am the dark-minded monster, and the murderer.

[ *A shriek is heard in the Mausoleum, which opens, and CLOTILDA is seen retiring from THERESA, who advances in her sepulchral robe. CARLO starts, and ALBERTO raises himself in amazement.*

*Clot.* O glare not on me thus, thine eye's reproach  
Is worse than hell—I cannot bear thy sight.  
Tho' torments wait me at the hour of death,  
Yet, while I live, thou hast no pow'r to punish.

*Ther.* Where am I! do I live! what means this  
scene

Of desolation, sepulchres, and death?

There's one does bleed near the cold couch I left,  
And here's another.

*Car.* It is herself! it is the beauteous maid  
Who lives and speaks! O welcome from the tomb  
To thy own Carlo's arms, who hither comes  
To screen thee ever from a brother's rage.

*Ther.* My thoughts return, tho' wav'ring reason  
hangs

In wild uncertainty on all I see,

And all I hear,—but, thus let me unfold

The youth I love—yet 'twas no brother's rage

That drove me to the tomb; it was Clotilda

Sent the dull cup Arnaldi's hand presented,

And which I drank in part, but pour'd aside

The remnant unobserv'd; since then I've slept.



*Car.* Now, malice, thou'rt content—my sum of ill  
Cannot be greater, nor my punishment  
Exceed my just deserving—O Alberto !

*Clot.* A curse attend thy parted soul, Arnaldi !  
For inattention ; all had been secure  
If she had drank the calming bev'rage up.  
But I have had my premature revenge ;  
Yonder Arnaldi lies ; 'twas I that kill'd him.  
Why did I come to ope thy prison gates,  
Abhorr'd Theresa ? else thou'dst surely perish'd.  
Ye furies fierce, who bathe your snaky locks  
In liquid flame ! Clotilda is your own.

*Ther.* O ! do not rave thus bitterly !  
I will forgive thee all ; nor shall revenge  
Tempt aught against thy life or thy repose.

*Clot.* Curse on thy mimic moderation,  
Thy shallow virtues, and offensive goodness.  
I hate thy clemency, thy pardon scorn,  
And fly from such humanity to hell.

[ *Stabs herself and falls.*

What have we here ? Alberto slain ! 'tis he !

[ *Seeing Alberto.*

This must be Carlo's deed—I triumph now.  
Gentle Theresa ! view this bleeding youth,  
Who lov'd thee tenderly ; I die reveng'd. Oh !

[ *Dies.*

*Ther.* What say'st thou, does my dear Alberto die ?

*Car.*

*Car.* Inhuman fiend! 'twas thou didst point my sword

[*Carlo to Clotilda.*

Against his life; yet stay, O stay, my friend!

[*To Alberto.*

And I will wash thy wound with my heart's blood.

Wretch that I was to give implicit faith

To such apparent, shallow artifice.

Is there no fiery bolt of righteous Heaven

To end my woes, and save me from distraction?

*Ther.* Did Carlo wound thy gen'rous breast, Alberto!

[*Kneeling.*

Then must each hope of future happiness

Fade in the blossom. Therefore will I seek

Some holy monastery's lone retreat,

And pour at early dawn the fervent hymn

For thy dear soul's repose—and all night long

Will I solicit mercy for my Carlo!

Yet, yet thine eye has lustre, thou hast breath,

Could'st thou but live, this were a world of joy!

*Alb.* The hand of death weighs pond'rous at my heart,

And life's vain dream is o'er; yet, ere I go,

O hear me and assent. Therefore, Carlo!

I pray you check your tears, and promise me,

That you will wed——'Tis true, indeed, my friend!

Thou gav'st the stroke, but it was I that fought it.

Thou, like an honourable prince, defy'dst me,

T'avenge th' imagin'd murder; I too proud

To pause, explain, or lead thee from thy error,  
Treated accommodation with disdain,  
But rush'd upon thy sword to prove my truth.  
O! then, Theresa! here accept thy husband,  
If that thou would'st my spirit should have peace.

*Car.* It is too much!

*Thea.* I will accept him at thy hand, Alberto!  
And cherish love amidst eternal sorrow.

*Alb.* And wilt thou! Carlo! wilt thou take this  
maid?

*Car.* Yes; I receive this offer'd excellence  
With gratitude, and mingled admiration  
Of more than human greatness. O! Theresa!  
Here let me hold thee, till my life shall end,  
With sad contrition for my past offence.—  
Tumultuous grief returns, I scarce can utter:  
Once more thy pardon, noble-minded friend.

*Alb.* Name it not, Carlo! for no dark resentment  
Grooms my calm breast; it was a deed of chance,  
And mutual hastiness. My blessing on you—  
Long may you reign in peace, and each new day  
Greet you with happiness! But, for Clotilda, O,  
Pity! nay more, forgive her, Royal Pair!  
Implore Heaven's mercy on her guilty soul,  
And strive by frequent pray'r to melt its justice,  
'Tis all I ask—nor is it pain to die. [Dies.]

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## STANZAS ON FRIENDSHIP.

**O, FRIENDSHIP!** source of every good!  
How seldom art thou understood;  
How oft for interest, or for fame,  
We prostitute thy sacred name!

'Tis not Ambition's pageant hour,  
The proud parade of empty pow'r;  
'Tis not the Monarch's scepter'd hand,  
Thy faithful service can command:

The heartfelt joy, the social sigh,  
No power can force, no wealth can buy,  
Nor pride, nor avarice e'er can know,  
Exalted Friendship's fervent glow.

When haughty great-ones condescend,  
To patronize the humble friend,  
Who every feeling must resign——  
The servile contract is not thine.

When venal age, in hopes of gain,  
Would bind the mercenary chain;  
Each generous purpose there unknown,  
The sordid motive thou'lt disown.



Nor pleas'd with Youth's unaw'd career,  
 Amid the gust of transient cheer;  
 Where Folly forms the short-liv'd tie,  
 Wilt thou the slender chord supply.

Averse to Guile, tho' gilded o'er,  
 Thou shun'st the midnight loud uproar;  
 And seeking Virtue's peaceful cell,  
 With calm Content delight'st to dwell.

Yet, should afflicted worth entreat,  
 Thou'lt fearless quit thy tranquil seat,  
 To pierce the dungeon's dreary gloom,  
 Or mourn at midnight round the tomb.

In life's unwelcome, cheerless hour,  
 When all around misfortunes lour;  
 Thou'lt seek the Wanderer in distress,  
 And sharing sorrows, make them less.

When affluence crowns successful toil,  
 And Fate propitious wears a smile;  
 Thy influence aids the sweet employ,  
 And gives a zest to every joy.

For what are all delights below,  
 Which Fortune, Honours, Fame bestow;  
 Unless with these we strive to blend  
 The social solace of a friend?

The flow of Youth, the charms of Love,  
But momentary transports prove ;  
Friendship alone secures Content,  
More placid, but more permanent.

ARLEY.

---

V E R S E S

TO A

YOUNG LADY AT BATH,

IN WHOSE POCKET BOOK THE AUTHOR HAD, AT A  
VERY EARLY PERIOD OF LIFE, WRITTEN SOME  
LINES.

IN earlier years, when *Anna's* face,  
Could only boast an infant grace ;  
When artless tresses deck'd her brow,  
In many a wild untutor'd row ;  
Ere yet upon her baby cheek,  
The conscious blush had learn'd to speak ;  
In that calm, unsuspecting day,  
The Muse attun'd her willing lay ;  
And sung of *Anna's* rip'ning charms,  
When *Anna* could feel no alarms ;  
That tranquil hour, unknown to Fear,  
When I might say, and she might hear.——

The

The

The Hint transpir'd—and swift as thought,  
 The favour'd Pocket-Bock was brought,  
 While kind advice, and caution sage,  
 Stood pencil'd o'er the virgin page;  
 Her little hands receiv'd the toy,  
 And her young heart proclaim'd her joy.

Will *Anna* now, maturer grown,  
 The sweets of infant years disown?  
 And will she now unkind despise  
 The song that once she deign'd to prize?  
 No—*Anna's* heart shall still approve  
 The song that once she deign'd to love:  
 Still shall the Muse her steps attend—  
 Still will she prize her early friend.  
 And now, in Beauty's loveliest bloom,  
 Though circled in the splendid room—  
 While rival fops around her wait,  
 With false applause, and senseless prate;  
 And while the vaunts of *self* they hold—  
 And while th' unmeaning tale is told;  
*Anna* shall wish the folly o'er,  
 Shall fly to Memory's valu'd store;  
 There fondly trace her childish age,  
 And call to mind the *virgin page*.

ARLEY.

THE

## THE COMPLAINT.

TO LORD \*\*\*\*\*.

AND does my friend, with kindly ray,

My humble verse regard ?

And does he prize the artless lay,

And does he prize the Bard ?

The Bard, who oft in Pleasure's bow'r,

Hath turn'd his early song ;

When Love led on the sportive hour,

And fir'd the youthful throng ?

And shall he now, in Reason's reign,

The well-known theme forego ?

And shall he not resume the strain ;

And must it cease to flow ?

Ah me ! the scenes of fond delight,

That wont to charm, are o'er ;

And now no more, the Muse invite,

And wake the lyre no more :

For hard Suspicion's anger'd eye,

Deems all it sees unjust ;

And jaundic'd Envy, low'ring by,

Supports the foul mistrust.

E'en



E'en *She*, whose breast with kindness glows,  
 That kindness doth suspend;  
*She* too, the shafts of censure throws,  
 And points it at her friend;

That shaft, which hurl'd in open air,  
 When proud defiance calls,  
 With manly fortitude we bear,  
 Regardless where it falls;

That shaft, which veil'd in Friendship's band,  
 Inflicts severer smart,  
 Flies doubly fierce from Friendship's hand,  
 And deeper stabs the heart.

And yet forbid, my plaintive song,  
 Should seem too prompt to blame;  
 For Slander's sting hath found me long,  
 And long hath pierc'd my fame:

And many an idle tale hath run,  
 And much hath been believ'd,  
 Of broken vows, and maids undone,  
 Abandon'd, and deceiv'd.

Peace to all such—yet here I swear,  
 And thou'lt the warmth excuse,  
 The garb which knaves and villains wear,  
 Thro' life I've scorn'd to use:

Tho'

Tho' Love, with all its soft pursuits,  
 Hath claim'd my yielding hours;  
 Tho' oft I've cull'd its fairest fruits,  
 And pluckt its choicest flow'rs—

Those flow'rs, those fruits, were nobly won,  
 Not fraudulently stole,  
 Love taught me how the race to run,  
 But Truth secur'd the goal.

Then deem not hard, that now the Muse  
 Laments her fav'rite strain;  
 That thus she ventures to accuse;  
 Accusing, to complain:

For much she joy'd, the nymphs among,  
 To waste the frolic day;  
 To form for them the grateful song,  
 And carol time away.

But now no more the heaving sigh  
 Shall force the tear to start;  
 But now no more the glist'ning eye,  
 Shall speak the soften'd heart:

The tender scenes of earlier years,  
 To harsher views shall yield;  
 And Pride, her pageant sceptre rears,  
 And Avarice takes the field:—

These shall the sterner mind possess,

To no past maxims true;

Cold to them all, my Lord, unless

To Friendship, and to you.

ARLEY.

O D E

To \*\*\*\*\*.

**P**RAISE to the men who boldly dare,  
Their undissembled thoughts declare;  
Who speak the sentiments they feel,  
And loud proclaim the crimes they might conceal.

Who nobly zealous daily try,  
To pluck the mask from villainy;  
By neither threat or promise sway'd,  
By pow'r unaw'd, by danger undismay'd——

Who Justice's sacred sword unsheath,  
To guard their Freedom's valued wreath;  
Yet careful shun the deed which draws,  
Th' unwelcome shout of popular applause,

Who, blest with talents to persuade,  
Exert them for their Country's aid;

By

By virtue, not ambition fir'd,  
For worth belov'd, not pageantry admir'd—

'Tis theirs with kind and bounteous hand,  
To scatter plenty o'er the land ;  
To bid distress and sorrow smile,  
And crown with due reward the Artist's toil :

'Tis theirs to ease the Widow's fears,  
To wipe the friendless Orphan's tears ;  
Redress the wrongs the weak endure,  
Punish the guilty, and protect the poor.

Theirs is the noblest boon below,  
The purest bliss the mind can know !  
That tranquil undisturb'd *serene*,  
Resulting from the conscious peace within.

For them each grateful voice shall ring,  
For them each Muse her tribute bring ;  
And in the hour which levels all,  
Death with complacence shall await their call.

ARLEY.



## PRAYER TO VENUS.

**K**IND Venus, hear thy Suppliant's pray'r,  
 Hear, and indulgent grant;  
 For love I ask—you well may spare  
 The little I shall want.

No storms of passion I desire,  
 No boundless transports claim,  
 Give me that gentle doubtful fire,  
 Which feeds a sportive flame.

For oh! I've known the soft delights,  
 That warm the breast sincere;  
 The anxious days and sleepless nights,  
 That nurse the tender fear.

Have shar'd the fond endearing kifs,  
 Which mutual ardeur fires,  
 And tasted oft that genuine bliss,  
 Which mutual truth inspires.

I've felt the fierce extreme of love,  
 Which utterance would destroy;  
 When speechless raptures silent prove,  
 The soul's sublimest joy.

But

But then its bitterest pangs I've borne,

Deprest with tenfold care ;

And many an hour with anguish torn,

Sat brooding o'er Despair.

Whelm'd with such violence of woe,

Would melt a heart of steel,

Which only those who love can know,

Who lose can only feel.

Hence, let me calmly view the sex,

Contented to enjoy

That bliss, which absence cannot vex,

Or Perfidy destroy :

O Venus ! let me favour win,

Secure from Cupid's dart,

Still let it gently pierce my skin,

But never probe my heart !

A R L E Y.

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### COMPLIMENTARY VERSES.

*Some years ago, at the house of a deceased Nobleman,  
several complimentary Verses to the brilliancy of the  
Hon. Mrs. N——h's Eyes were written;—amongst  
the rest the following :*

**G**IVE me to see that spark of heavenly fire,

At which all tremble—but which all admire :

O 3

That

But

That gentle gleam, which in Contentment's hour,  
 Cheers every vale and brightens every bower.  
 That ray terrific—which when anger glooms,  
 Darts dreadful flame, and as it darts, consumes;  
 Strong blaze of light—which fires where e'er it falls,  
 Exalts, dejects, revivifies, appals;  
 Shew me that power which thus with Fate can vie,  
 Turn, and behold it lives in—LAURA's eye!

A R L E Y.

---

S T A N Z A S.

*Written on the Children of Lady CRAVEN, performing a PLAY, before her, at Queensbury House some Years ago.*

**N**YMPHS and Shepherds hither haste,  
 Here the purest joys we taste;  
 Reason guides our rustic play,  
 Tunes the pipe and forms the lay.

Lovely MIRA is our queen,  
 Guardian of the silvan scene;  
 Nature's charming handmaid, she  
 Thus proclaims her soft decree:

*Come,*

*Come, ye little smiling train,  
 Cheer with sports my happy plain;  
 Come, while yet the infant year,  
 Proves both smile and sport sincere.*

*Blooming in the morn of life,  
 Strangers yet to care and strife;  
 Free from art, and free from blame,  
 You can paint me as I am.*

*What tho' on your baby brows,  
 Mark'd expression faintly glows;  
 Artless look, and native strain,  
 All my feelings best explain.*

*Soon shall Time with iron sway,  
 Harden youth's maturer day;  
 Then no longer taught by me,  
 You'll scorn my sweet simplicity.*

ARLEY.

# THE RETROSPECT.

**A**MID the scenes of noise and strife,  
 That sadly sorrow human life,  
 And cause continual woes;  
 What soft sensation sooths my breast,  
 Bids every jarring passion rest,  
 And transient bliss bestows!

'Tis



'Tis faithful Memory's friendly hand,  
 That waves her all-enliv'ning wand,  
     And bring to Fancy's view;  
 What Time, when wing'd with gay Delight,  
 Each thoughtless day and easy night,  
     On Pleasure's pinions flew.

Wafts me to S——'s fertile plains,  
 Where, first I sung my infant strains,  
     A rude, unpolish'd boy;  
 Where, fraught with Innocence and Truth,  
 The lively sports of early youth,  
     Produc'd a guiltless joy.

There, pleas'd I trace the flow'ry mead,  
 And round the well-known elm-trees tread,  
     Where oft I've careless play'd;  
 And sure my choicest days were spent,  
 Cheer'd with the smiles of glad Content,  
     Beneath their peaceful shade.

The distant view of N——'s hills,  
 My breast with exultation fills,  
     Long time the bounded walk,  
 There oft I've shar'd the sweet regale,  
 Partook th' allotted cakes and ale,  
     And held the sprightly talk.

The church, the yard, the neighb'ring yew,

All join to warm my heart a-new,

And pastimes past recall ;

'Twas here I lash'd the murm'ring top,

Here drove the tile with eager hop,

There struck the bounding ball,

Nor shall fair Learning's sacred spot,

Be by the grateful Muse forgot,

Or heedless left unsung ;

Where dawning Reason first began

The deeds of ancient dead to scan,

And urge th' enquiring tongue,

Where, studious still maturing age,

Explor'd the long instructive page,

And emulous of fame,

Consuming oft the evening oil,

Enjoy'd a pleasing-painful toil

To raise a future name.

Hail, happy state of infant years !

There lovely Peace her temple rears,

And smiling stands confest ;

There Virtue holds her cheerful court,

And youthful, gay desires resort,

To charm the tranquil breast.

No lawless passions wound the mind,  
 There pleasures leave no sting behind,  
     Sad source of others care ;  
 Nor fell Remorse, nor envious Ire,  
 Nor black Revenge, with purpose dire,  
     Occasion dark despair.

Their's is the rosy bloom of health,  
 The boundless transport snatch'd by stealth,  
     The heart devoid of guile ;  
 What riper manhood seldom knows,  
 The peaceful undisturb'd repose,  
     And undisssembled smile.

Regardless of to-morrow's doom,  
 They feel no dread of ills to come,  
     Nor Pleasure's feast forgo ;  
 The playful day their great relief,  
 The task unlearn'd their only grief,  
     The rod their only foe.

Ah, ever to be envied hours !  
 When no sad thought of future ills—  
     No distant fears annoy ;  
 No past reflections intervene  
 To pain the bosom's calm serene,  
     Or damp the present joy:

Afflic-

Affliction's load they seldom bear,

'Tis their's to shed the short-liv'd tear

For sorrows soon forgot ;

The sweets that from Contentment flow,

That health and peace of mind bestow,

Complete their happy lot.

A R L E Y.

# STANZAS TO ILL-NATURE.

**F**IEND abhorr'd ! Mankind's worst foe !—

Hence, thy darksome crew among—

Haste—and with thy jaundic'd brow,

Fly the Muse's vengeful fang !

Oft the hapless Muse hath borne

Deep within the wounded heart,

Fell Detraction's venom'd thorn,

Pointed by thy treach'rous art.

Born of Envy, nurs'd by Spleen,

Rear'd in Passion's blighting storm ;

Sorrow, anguish, care, chagrin,

Mark thy hideous hateful form.

Fraud and Falsehood swell thy train,

Discord is thy sole employ,

Baff'd malice, all thy pain,

Sated rancour, all thy joy.

Does



Does the Muse with sportive power,  
Strive the gloom of life to cheer,  
Thou'lt arraign the harmless hour,  
Stifle peace, and nurture fear.

Does the flow of joy, or ease,  
Some endearing scenes supply;  
Every little wish to please  
Rouses thy malignity!—

Humble genius, slender grace,  
Small desert may wait the Muse,  
Yet, if any spark we trace,  
Thy severest hate ensues.

Blacken'd by thy foul report,  
Mirth is mischief, laughter guile;  
Snares are seen in every sport;  
Perfidy in every smile.

Still thy arts, malicious fiend—  
Still thy hell-born schemes would fail,  
Did not oft the *valued friend*,  
Listen to thy specious tale.

Vain were each insidious charge,  
Effort feeble as unjust,  
Did alas! the world at large,  
Only hear, and only trust.

Did

Did not oft the secret lie  
Break the bond of private peace,  
Bid domestic comfort fly,  
Love subside, and friendship cease?

Did not oft thy breath destroy,  
Fair Contentment's blooming flow'r,  
Wither every social joy,  
And corrode life's dearest hour.

Did not oft thy poison'd shaft,  
Pierce the *breast* that *most* we prize,  
And on fading faith engraft  
Doubt, constraint, and sad surmise?—

Luckless is that child of care,  
Who beneath thy scourge must live,  
Doom'd from early youth to bear  
All the torments thou can'st give.

Once thy fatal influence spread,  
Candour takes no further part;  
Ignorance suspects the head,  
Prejudice belies the heart.

Hard and cruel is his lot,  
Every merit is denied;  
All his virtues are forgot,  
All his errors magnified.

Fiend relentless—Tyrant grim—

Yet awhile, and all is o'er ;

When the lamp of life is dim,

Thou wilt be observ'd no more.

When the sad, the funeral knell,

Shall his parted breath proclaim,

Faithful Mem'ry then shall tell,

Whether he deserv'd such blame.

Love, perhaps, may o'er his tomb,

Drop a tender silent tear ;

Friendship too lament a doom,

Enmity may think severe.

ARLEY.

## THE CONFSSION.

To Miss \*\*\*\*.

IN vain I strive my heart to shield,

Spite of myself that heart will yield ;

In vain would hide a thousand ways

What every conscious look betrays :—

The jest assum'd, th' averted eye,

Poorly conceal the stifled sigh ;

Each

Each stolen touch, which Love impels,  
The heart's emotion trembling tells.

Yet not *Eliza's* charms alone,  
Could ruling reason thus dethrone;  
Her blooming graces, tho' with pain,  
My cautious bosom might sustain.

But, arm'd with that enchanting mien,  
Which speaks the feeling mind within;  
How can my soften'd breast be free,  
Thus caught by Sensibility?

Yet not for me the tear will start,  
Which proves *Eliza's* tender heart;  
Yet not for me the smile will speak,  
Which brightens in *Eliza's* cheek;

Lost in the whirl of fashion'd life,  
Where Nature is with joy at strife;  
Her unembarrass'd looks declare,  
That Love is not triumphant there:—

Lur'd by the hope of gaudier days,  
The pompous banners Wealth displays;  
Each fond emotion distant keeps,  
And all her native softness sleeps.

ARLEY.



P R O L O G U E  
TO THE COMEDY OF  
THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

*Spoken some Time ago, at a Private Performance at  
WEYBRIDGE.*

ERE yet the Comic Muse, with sprightly pow'r,  
Provokes the laugh, and leads the mirthful hour,  
Permit the Bard, in serious mood, awhile  
To wake remembrance, and suspend the smile:  
Our scenes to-night no novel merit claim,  
Long-tried desert hath fix'd their lasting fame;  
The Characters that mark our chosen page  
Have long engross'd the veterans of the Stage.  
Who was not charm'd, when BARRY held to view  
The matchless portraiture which CIBBER drew?  
Each eye bellow'd, while he sustain'd the part,  
The melting tribute of the feeling heart:  
Pitied alike the Husband and the Peer,  
Felt his distress, and shar'd his manly tear:  
But when Compassion taught his breast to glow——  
When fond Forgiveness beam'd upon his brow——

When

When with discordant pangs no more at strife,  
 He caught with transport his repentant Wife :  
 Chas'd with a kiss the sorrows from her cheek,  
 And told in look, what language could not speak ;  
 Reliev'd from silent agony the mind,  
 Like heaving *Ætna*, when no more confin'd,——  
 True to itself, and fir'd in Nature's cause,  
 Burst in the torrent of extreme applause.

Not so our hope——altho' no frown we fear,  
 Your gentle plaudits will content us here.  
 For here we meet, tho' envious Factions low'r,  
 To pass with pleasantry life's leisure hour——  
 To snatch relief from ombre and quadrille ;  
 Employ the moments—not the time to kill——  
 To vent our feelings, give fair Friendship birth,  
 And bind it with the rosy wreath of mirth :  
 Pleas'd, if our simple store, and artless toil,  
 Can light in Beauty's cheek one grateful smile——  
 More pleas'd, if when our softer scenes appear,  
 We draw from Beauty's eye one tender tear.

A R L E Y.

## THE INVITATION.

TO DELIA.

**T**HY youthful charms, bright Maid, inspire

And grace my fav'rite theme,

Whose person kindles soft desire ;

Whose mind secures esteem.

O ! hear me then my flame avow,

And fill my breast with joy,

A flame, which taught by time to grow,

No time can e'er destroy :

My tender suit with smiles approve,

And share the sweets of mutual love.

No false, delusive arts I use,

As do the courtly throng,

Tis Nature kindly aids my muse,

And dictates to my song :

Would'st thou, she cries, true bliss ensure,

Make haste the town to leave,

Where Pleasure's gilded baits allure,

And charm but to deceive :

With me, thro' flow'ry meadows rove,

And share the sweets of mutual love.

For-

Forfake, where all upright appear,  
 Yet most perfidious prove,  
 Where knaves the mask of friendship wear,  
 Or feign the voice of love.

So shall thy inexperience'd years,  
 No source of sorrow know;  
 Nor shed Affliction's homeselt tears,  
 Nor weep for others woe:

Haste then, from faithless crowds remove,  
 And share the sweets of mutual love.

Ah! would my Fair this plan pursue,

How happy should I be,  
 Since all that brings content to you,  
 Is ecstasy to me.

Yet ere the public scenes you quit,  
 Increase my fond delight,

And deign your humble swain to admit

The partner of your flight;  
 And while the varying seasons move,  
 To share the sweets of mutual love.

When Autumn yields her ripen'd corn,

Or Winter dark'ning low'rs,  
 With tend'rest care, I'll soothe thy morn,

And cheer thy evening hours:  
 Again, when smiling Spring returns,

We'll breathe the vernal air,  
 And still, when Summer sultry burns,  
 To woodland walks repair:

There



There seek Retirement's shelter'd grove,  
And share the sweets of mutual love.

What tho' no costly arts display,  
The splendor of a court,  
Yet rich in Nature's neat array,  
We'll join the rural sport;  
Where seated on the verdant grass,  
From daily labour freed,  
Each shepherd woos his favourite lass,  
And tunes his oaten reed,  
Remarks the tender turtle dove,  
And sings the sweets of mutual love.

No revels there the night consume,  
Which oft the Fair undo,  
Make beauty lose its lovely bloom,  
And often virtue too;  
There, free from discontent and strife,  
Each undesigning youth  
Strives to relieve the cares of life,  
With constancy and truth;  
Haste then, the fleeting hours improve,  
And share the sweets of mutual love.  
For can that destiny be just,  
That innocence and health  
Be yielded up a prey to lust,  
Or sacrifice to wealth?

Or shall the mind, where honour dwelt,

Deplore that honour gone,

Which still for others pitying felt,

Itself unpitied mourn?

Forbid it, all ye pow'rs above,

And grant her ever mutual love!

ARLEY.

S T A N Z A S

ON A YOUNG LADY'S BIRTH-DAY.

*In the Month of November.*

SINCE all to Beauty's rip'ning bloom

Their cheerful homage pay,

Be not displeas'd, that I presume

To hail thy natal day.

Tho' careless joke, and empty mirth,

My thoughtless hours employ,

I'll greet the day which gave thee birth,

With undissembl'd joy;

And, while the Muse's softest strains

In artless numbers flow;

That smiles may recompense her pains,

The fervent wish shall glow.

Hence-

Henceforward now shall disappear  
 Dull Winter's cheerless gloom ;  
 November's month shall charm the year,  
 And wear an annual bloom :

Fresh flow'rets shall unfading blow,  
 Fresh verdure deck the green ;  
 The meads their choicest beauties shew,  
 To honour Beauty's Queen.

But should the season now refuse  
 To act the change I sing ;  
 Should Winter scorn to aid the Muse,  
 Declar'd the foe to Spring ;

The roses that thy cheeks adorn,  
 Shall hast'ning youth prolong ;  
 Shall yearly grace thy birth-day morn,  
 And witness to my song :

Or if by Time's all-conqu'ring hand,  
 Their bloom must wear away ;  
 The roses of thy mind shall stand,  
 And never know decay.

A R L E Y.

L I N E S

L I N E S

SENT TO

## A FRIEND WITH A WATCH.

ACCEPT, my friend, and kindly deem

This offering of the Bard ;

His token of sincere esteem,

And tribute of regard.

What tho' no trappings I allow ;

The Watch thus unadorn'd ;

Believe me, when I dare avow,

Its worth should not be scorn'd.

Companion of my earliest youth,

I've oft its value known ;

Unsway'd its probity and truth,

By Fortune's smile, or frown.

In Infant state, when Learning's lore,

For Pastime was forgot,

It whisper'd oft the hast'ning hour,

And task remember'd not.

Obedient still to riper age,

When Pleasure leads astray ;

'Twill Reason's cool reproof engage,

And chide the ill-spent day.

Remind



Remind us, Time unceasing wears,  
 Howe'er its loss we mourn;  
 And bid us nurse the passing years,  
 Which never can return.

ARLEY.

S O N C

ADDRESSED TO

A Y O U N G L A D Y.

SHOULD you ask me, what female desert I re-  
 quire

To relish the conjugal life;

Nor beauty, nor titles, nor wealth I desire

To bias my choice in a Wife:

The charms of a face may occasion a sigh;

The costly allurements of Art

May yield a short moment of joy to the eye,

But give no delight to the heart.

Would equipage, splendor, or noble descent

Bring comfort wherever they fall,

Could these add a drop to the cup of Content,

I'd gladly partake of them all;

But

But vain the assistance proud riches bestow,

The raptures that beauty impart,

To soften the painful reflections of woe,

Or banish distress from the heart.

Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,

The countenance ever serene,

To cheer with sweet converse as youth wears away,

And dissipate anger and spleen ;

Whose smiles may endear and enliven the hours

Retirement shall oft set apart ;

Whose virtues may sooth when disquietude fours,

And tenderness cherish the heart.

For Fortune, be Honour her portion assign'd,

For Beauty, bright Health's rosy bloom,

Let Justice and Candor ennoble her mind,

And Cheerfulness Sorrow consume :

Thus form'd, would she share with me life's little  
store,

Its mixture of pleasure and smart,

She'd ever continue, 'till both were no more,

The constant delight of my heart.

A R L E Y.

B A L L A D,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

**E**LIZA was beyond compare,  
 'The pride of all the plain,  
 Fair, yet belov'd by every fair,  
 Ador'd by every swain.

Tho' Nature had each charm combin'd  
 The beauteous Maid to grace;  
 And bade the sweetness of her mind  
 Stand pictur'd in her face;

Yet Fortune, from her earliest years,  
 A fate disastrous wove;  
 And doom'd her to an age of tears,  
 For one short hour of love.

In childhood's helpless state, bereft  
 Of parents' watchful care;  
 Her inexperience'd youth was left  
 A prey to every snare.

One only fault the Maid possess'd—  
 —If that a fault we deem—  
 A tender, unsuspecting breast,  
 Too lavish of esteem.

Unvers'd in woes that others find,  
 In wiles that others fear ;  
 Artless herself, she thought mankind  
 Were, like herself, sincere.

But ah ! ere yet the luckless Maid  
 Had fifteen summers run,  
 Her faith and honour were betray'd —  
 Her virtue was undone.

Young HENRY, with successful art,  
 To win her favour strove ;  
 Long practis'd on her youthful heart,  
 And early gain'd her love.

Fraught with each soft resistless charm,  
 With each persuasive pow'r,  
 He still'd Discretion's kind alarm,  
 And cropp'd the virgin flow'r.

Her orphan state, her tender years,  
 Her pure, unspotted fame,  
 Serv'd but to hush his guilty fears,  
 And fan his lawless flame.

By Honour's dictates unrestrain'd,  
 By Faith, nor Justice sway'd :  
 That confidence his vows obtain'd,  
 His perfidy betray'd, —



So poor ELIZA's hapless fate  
 Fill'd HENRY's breast with care;  
 Nor could the vain parade of state  
 Protect him from despair.

He saw the beauties once he priz'd  
 All wither in their bloom.  
 By lawless passion sacrific'd  
 Untimely to the tomb.

For how could injur'd honour look  
 Its Author in the face?  
 Or how could suff'ring virtue brook  
 Invektive and disgrace?

No sorrows could afford relief,  
 No penitence alone;  
 The sigh she gave to others' grief,  
 She wanted for her own.

'The partners of her youthful years,  
 Unpitying her distress,  
 Nor kindly help'd to dry her tears,  
 Nor strove to make them less.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away,  
 To former friendship cold;  
 And left her in Affliction's day,  
 Uncherish'd, unconsol'd.

So ever thro' the World we find

Each breast at woe recoils,

And all the favours of mankind

But last while Fortune smiles.

Too just, life's guilty joys t' endure,

Too weak its thorns to brave;

No friend but Death she could procure,

No comfort but the Grave.

Awhile she Heaven's forgiveness pray'd,

For errors long confest;

Then sought the solitary shade,

And silent sunk to rest.

Hard-fortun'd sex! in every state,

From custom's rigid pow'r,

Years of remorse can't expiate

One inadvertent hour.

Unskill'd in Life's precarious way,

Should Love their bosoms burn,

And yielding Nature chance to stray,

They never can return.

In vain they with repentant sighs,

Their sad experience mourn;

E'en those, who ought to sympathize,

Abandon them with scorn.

Say why, ye Virgins, who bestow

On most, Compassion's tear :

The pangs alone yourselves may know,

You thus refuse to cheer ?

O rather kindly condescend

To aid the drooping fair ;

Your mercy with your justice blend,

And snatch them from despair.

ELIZA's death, when HENRY heard,

He gave a piteous groan ;

The censure of the World he fear'd,

But more he fear'd his own.

In vain he flew to crowds and courts,

Guilt every bliss destroys ;

Intruded on his morning sports,

And damp'd his evening joys.

At length with constant grief o'ercome,

With anguish, and dismay ;

He hied him to the lonely tomb

Which held ELIZA's clay :

There weeping o'er the turf-clad ground,

Of all existence tir'd ;

He casts his streaming eyes around,

And mournfully expir'd.

Thus

Thus warn'd, ye Fair, with caution arm  
 'Gainst Man's perfidious arts ;  
 Since Youth and Beauty vainly charm  
 When Honour once departs.

Let Hyman's sacred bands unite,  
 Where Passion is declar'd ;  
 Give sanction to approv'd delight,  
 And authorize regard.

So shall no rankling cares annoy,  
 No tears unceasing flow ;  
 So shall you feel a Mother's joy,  
 Without a Mother's woe.

ARLEY.

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✂ *The following Lines were the earliest Offering to a Young Lady—whose Theatric Talents once formed the Ornament of the Stage on which she appeared ; and whose Memory will be honoured by the Drama which she adorned.*

T O L A U R A .

GO, faithful Muse ! to LAURA fly,  
 And with thee bear this tender sigh ;  
 Tell her 'tis honest—free from art,  
 And acts in concert with my heart :



If soft she looks, nor frowns the while,  
 'Twill take the semblance of a smile;  
 But if unkind she scorns it—swear  
 'Twill melt that moment to a tear:—

Fly, *Muse*, and let the Fair One know,  
 'Tis her's to fix my weal or woe;  
 Array'd in Beauty's loveliest bloom,  
 She stamps my bliss, or seals my doom.

Bid her recal that happy hour,  
 When to the box the wand she bore;  
 And having play'd her public part,  
 Came privately to steal my heart.

Go, *Muse*, and ask the charming Maid,  
 If pond'ring since on what I said,  
 She ever wish'd, nor would disdain,  
 To pass that halcyon hour again?

While all were on the scene intent,  
 My thoughts alone on her were bent;  
 Her smiles to kingdoms I'd prefer,  
 And I could only gaze on her.

Haste, haste, my *Muse*, once more intrude,  
 And ask if LAURA thought me rude?  
 Ask, if that sweet engaging brow  
 To every Swain is always so?

Ask,

Ask, if those looks were only meant,  
 As cold respect and compliment ?  
 Ask, if her heart was wholly free,  
 Or felt one partial glow for me ?

Perhaps that youthful bosom, yet  
 Hath no endearing object met ;  
 Ah me ! what transports he must prove,  
 Who raptur'd wins her *Virgin Love* !

For me, unskill'd, unus'd to plead,  
 My humble Verse may ill succeed ;  
 Yet LAURA, to the Verse attend,  
 And in the Lover mark the Friend.

While life's transcendent morn is yours,  
 While Beauty blooms, and Youth endures ;  
 A thousand Swains will hourly kneel,  
 And what they fancy, swear they feel.

Lascivious age will round thee press,  
 And shock thy early tenderness ;  
 Will dare to bribe the *free-born Mind*,  
 And give you gold to have you kind.

Ah, LAURA ! shun the treach'rous foe,  
 Who'd sink thy feeling heart so low ;  
 Such wretches scorn, and him approve,  
 Who only offers Love for Love.

ARLEY.

ELEGY.

## E L E G Y.

*To the LADY who will best remember it.*

---

**W**HEN strong Affliction deeply wounds the  
breast,

When Sorrow sits within the moisten'd eye;

When the heart sinks, with pond'rous grief oppress'd,

And the sad bosom heaves with many a sigh;

Lost to all life, averse from every joy,

Disdaining comfort, scorning all repose,

The pensive Soul can brook but one employ——

Brooding in gloomy silence o'er its woes.

Come then, thou Partner of my cheerless hour,

Come, faithful Muse, and seek the lonely grove,

Retire with me to yon sequester'd bow'r,

And mark the story of my luckless love.

For thou, the truest, tenderest, best of friends,

The fond companion of my earliest youth,

Wilt share each anguish that my bosom rends,

Untir'd wilt listen, and unseen wilt sooth.

Oft hast thou tried, and oft with kind success,  
 To smooth the sorrows of my aching brow ;  
 But ah ! I never felt severe distress,  
 Or prov'd th' extreme of misery till now.

Full well thou know'st, in life's unripen'd morn,  
 With thoughtless ease I pass'd the frolick day ;  
 Pluckt every rose, and where I found a thorn,  
 Threw, careless threw th' unheeded flow'r away.

Resolv'd the roving, restless mind to cure,  
 And guide the future different from the past,  
 I sought for sweets that might thro' life endure,  
 And fondly fancied they were found at last.

I saw the loveliest Rose that grac'd the land,  
 With blooming fragrance gladd'ning all around,  
 Too bold, perhaps, I thrust the forward hand,  
 Miss'd the fair flow'r, and only felt the wound.

Felt ! did I say ! deep rankling in my heart,  
 No time can mitigate my suffering there ;  
 Hope lends no friendly balsam for the smart,  
 And all my black'ning prospects frown despair.

And yet, lov'd Maid, if partial to my Muse,  
 Her artless numbers thou wilt deign to hear ;  
 If, softly-sighing, thou wilt not refuse,  
 To shed with her one sympathizing tear ;

That



That single tear that dews ELIZA's cheek,  
 Shall for a moment wash my griefs away;  
 That sigh, tho' half suppress'd, shall more than speak,  
 And gild the evening of each mournful day.

Then shall I think 'twas not ELIZA's heart,  
 'Twas not her gentle breast refus'd to glow;  
 'Twas not ELIZA's self who bade us part,  
 The World, the unfeeling World pronounc'd it so.

The unfeeling World that thinks where riches roll,  
 Where titles blazon, joys can never cease;  
 That waves each soft emotion of the soul,  
 And builds on publick clamour private peace.

And yet, ELIZA, thou may'st live to prove,  
 And thy fond heart may own it with a sigh;  
 That the endearing sweets of mutual Love,  
 No Wealth, no State, no Splendour can supply.

Form'd as thou art, with every outward grace,  
 With ev'ry inward virtue richly fraught,  
 Think, if thy tenderness thou should'st misplace,  
 Pride, Pomp, and Grandeur may be dearly bought.

Though Honour's noblest circle thou'lt adorn,  
 And dignify in every sphere the Wife,  
 ELIZA, or I much mistake, was born  
 To shine amidst the soften'd joys of life.

For me, whom poignant woes must still depress,  
 Each future hour to sorrow I resign ;  
 Death only can alleviate my distress,  
 And the last parting moment shall be Thine !

ARLEY.

LOVE RE NEW'D,

A SONNET.

**L**IGHT fly the hours, attendant joy,  
 Gay mirth, and every sweet employ,  
 Chasing the short-liv'd moments, prove  
 The blissful state of growing Love :  
 New to the heart, the youthful Fair,  
 First learnt to feel a tenderer care ;  
 A fond solicitude, which says,  
 How poor the Calm of former Days !  
 Then hope and fear, alternate reign,  
 Transition of delight and pain ;  
 That dear distress, that charming strife,  
 Which interests every scene of life :  
 The cheek suffus'd, the downcast brow,  
 The sigh escap'd we know not how ;  
 The soft rebuke, th' unwilling blame,  
 Triumphant Nature all proclaim.

R

Sweet

Sweet is the Passion thus pursu'd,  
 But sweeter far is Love Renew'd;  
 That Love, which, when the bosom thrill'd,  
 Suspense with icy hand hath chill'd;

Hath doom'd to fit the mournful day,  
 And weep the ling'ring time away;  
 The heart's best prospects, once so fair,  
 Chang'd in an instant to despair.

How hard! to view the budding Rose  
 In Life's glad morn its sweets disclose;  
 Then in the fond expectant hour,  
 To lose the lovely yielding flow'r.

How sweet! when Hope was scarce alive,  
 To see that hour again revive;  
 The long-lost Rose once more to view,  
 With ripen'd fragrance bloom anew;

Then Love, with soft-ey'd Pity blends,  
 Then Mem'ry all her aid extends;  
 Past sorrow, heightens present joy,  
 And rapture lives without alloy.

ARLEY.

ARLEY.

CHA-

## CHARACTERISTIC SONG.

*Supposed to be sung by a SAILOR'S LASS, to her FAVOURITE; who has been treating her rather unkindly.*

**Y**OUR MOLLY has never been false, she declares,

Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;  
When I swore that I still would continue the same,  
And gave you the 'Bacco-Box'—mark'd with my name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks, with  
you,

Did I e'er give a Buss, TOM, to one of the crew?  
To be useful and kind to my THOMAS I staid,  
For his Trowfers I wash'd, and his Bumbo I made.

Though you threaten'd last Sunday to walk in the  
Mall

With SUSAN, from Deptford, and Billingsgate SAL,  
In silence I flood, your unkindness to hear,  
And only upbraided my TOM with a tear.

Still faithful and fond from the first of my life,  
Tho' I boast not the Name, I've the truth of a Wife;  
For falsehood in Wedlock too often is priz'd,  
And the heart that is constant should not be despis'd.

ARLEY.



☞ *The following POEM, in a distant part of the World, had Fact for its Foundation. The Lovers thus described, parted, with the Emotions the Story gives them. The Dialogue only is fanciful: it is the Form which the Author adapted, as the best Method of conveying to the Public.*

T H E

## REPENTANCE OF PASSION.

H E.

AND does my *Harriet* still adhere,  
 To wear Affliction's garb alone;  
 Still does she hold her Spoiler dear,  
 And prize his peace who broke her own?  
 Still will she strive his pangs to heal,  
 Who all her youthful honours tore,  
 And near his pillow constant kneel,  
 When every power to please is o'er?

S H E.

And does my Love, unkind, suppose  
 I e'er would leave his lonely bed;  
 Forake the Youth my heart has chose,  
 And fly, because his health has fled?  
 And will he, sunk in sad despair,  
 Believe his *Harriet* loves no more;  
 Or think, while she can sooth one care,  
 That every power to please is o'er?

H E.

H E.

Ah! cease to sooth my woe-worn head!

Shun the sad wretch thou can'st not save;

Nor hover round that guilty bed

Where martyr'd Virtue found its grave:

Here sunk the glories of thy youth,

Each blooming honour doom'd to fall;

Here, Treachery triumph'd over Truth,

And here, stern Death, shall expiate all,

S H E.

Ah! cease to wound my heart anew!

Still if thou bend'st at Sorrow's shrine,

Again thy *Harriet* thou'lt undo,

For *Harriet's* life is wrapt in thine;

Had I ten thousand wrongs endured,

And that lov'd cheek one tear let fall,

That single tear each pang had cured;

—One tender sigh would expiate all,

H E.

O spurn me!—Case thy heart in steel—

Give just resentment all its force;

Nor by such kindness, make me feel

The torture of severe remorse.

Why, in life's early happy day,

When health and joy gave means to bliss;

Why did I heedless turn away,

From her who lov'd to such excess?

R 3

S H E.

S H E.

Lament no more, my bosom's friend ;——  
 Thy errors past, thy cares should cease ;  
 Corroding thought awhile suspend,  
 And nurtur'd Hope shall teem with peace ;  
 Thy kind, thy gentle *Harriet* sues,——  
 Clings round thy arm with fond caresses ;  
 Nature will every fault excuse,  
 And sweetly pardon Love's excess.

H E.

Too tender, too relenting Fair !  
 My fault can never be forgot ;  
 Unpitying Love would scorn my pray'r,  
 And injured Nature owns me not ;  
 When, in the fond ingenuous hour,  
 Thy native tenderness was shewn,  
 How did I meanly sport with pow'r,  
 Betray thy love, and shame my own !

S H E.

Hear me, thou persevering man !  
 Hear, what thy *Harriet* firmly swears——  
 If courted death must be thy plan,  
 Remember, 'twill but prelude hers ;  
 Here will she wait thy final doom——  
 Then drench'd in tears, and desp'rate grown,  
 Stretch'd o'er thy corse, in life's first bloom,  
 Forget thy love, and end her own.

H E.

H E.

Lend me thy aid, to combat Fate ;  
 For thy dear sake I'll strive to live ;  
 Draw near me,—help, oh ! 'tis too late—  
 Take the last kiss I now can give :  
 Wan is that cheek you oft have prest,  
 And dim those eyes you lov'd so well ;  
 And the hard pang that rends my breast,  
 My fault'ring tongue can scarcely tell.

S H E.

Here—on this bosom, rest thy head—  
 Speak—look upon me—breathe once more—  
 His pulse is still—oh God ! he's dead—  
 Fate, do thy worst,—the conflict's o'er !

*Weep for their woes, ye tender few—  
 You'll pity what you feel so well.  
 My humble pen but paints for you ;  
 How just—the trickling tear shall tell.*

A R L E Y.

N O T



S O N N E T.  
WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY  
ON HER FIRST PASSION.

**H**OW happy the season of Childhood appears!  
Those hours of contentment, those smooth gliding  
years,  
When the heart knows no sorrow, disturb'd by no  
guile,  
And the Tear, if it trickles, is caught by a Smile.  
Farewell to that Peace, which Indifference bestows,  
Love pierces my bosom, and wounds my repose;  
My Passion to flile, I'm forc'd to deceive,  
But tho' Smiles mask my Sorrows, they cannot re-  
lieve.

ARLEY.

☞ *The Poems of ARLEY that follow are Original.*

A N

EVENING'S CONTEMPLATION.

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

FLED from the dear, delusive town,  
 From scenes of pomp and noise,  
 Here undisturb'd, I'll sit me down,  
 And taste serener joys.

Here Happiness must ever live,  
 Here Health and Peace unite,  
 While Art and Nature join to give  
 Refreshment with delight.

O lovely spot! O blest retreat!  
 With constant verdure crown'd;  
 Content explores the halcyon seat,  
 And gladdens all around.

Thy grass-bound walks, thy gentle slopes,  
 Thy ivy-mantled grove,  
 Revive the aged's drooping hopes,  
 The youth's expiring love.

But

But chief this turf clad terras charms,  
 Wide opening to the view,  
 Here free from tumults, rude alarms,  
 The Muse is ever new.

What various objects meet the sight,  
 Nor meet the sight in vain;  
 For now the near approach of Night,  
 Inspires the moral strain.

How still the close of parting day,  
 The sun withdraws his pow'ers:  
 Attend, ye thoughtless and ye gay,  
 Nor dread one serious hour.

Mark, how that field (an emblem true),  
 Has lost its wonted bloom;  
 For cover'd with Night's sable hue,  
 It wears a mournful gloom.

The mind of Man is like the mead,  
 With Sorrow's clouds deprest,  
 When innocence hath ceas'd to spread  
 Its sunshine o'er the breast.

See Silver Thames serenely glides,  
 How smooth his current flows;  
 And lulls, with gently-waving tides,  
 The Mariner's repose.

Should

Should tempests rage, and winds deform,  
 The waters charm no more;  
 The Sailor dreads th' impending storm,  
 And glad resigns his store.

'Tis thus the nuptial state affords  
 Uninterrupted joy,  
 When no discordant hasty words  
 The husband's peace destroy.

His leisure seeks no gay resort,  
 But to his partner steals;  
 And thinks the longest day too short  
 To speak the bliss he feels.

But when the gales which passions blow,  
 The bosom's calm remove;  
 He flies the Fair-one's angry brow,  
 And scorn succeeds to love.

Turn, and observe that lab'ring Clown,  
 He digs an artful hole;  
 And puts his trap with caution down  
 To catch the purblind mole.

Like him, designing men prepare  
 To lure the virgin mind;  
 Then shun betimes the treach'rous snare,  
 Or Love will make ye blind.

Pursue,



Pursue, ye tender blooming Maids,  
 The pleasing calls of youth;  
 Yet ere the Shepherd's flame invades,  
 Be certain of his truth.

And now the roving eye would pass  
 To yonder distant hills;  
 For having no perspective glass,  
 The breast with wonder fills.

Thus narrow-sighted mortals strive,  
 To fathom future fate;  
 But unenlighten'd while alive,  
 Their knowledge comes too late.

So all around—meads, marsh, or glades—  
 Reflection won't refuse;  
 For every different object aids  
 The contemplative Muse.

But Night prevents the growing song,  
 Obscuring every ray—  
 Thus Death will darken all ere long,  
 And close Life's little day.

ARLEY.

THE

## T H E

## CAT, THE EAGLE, AND THE SOW,

## A F A B L E.

**O**NCE on a time, in ancient days  
 (I sing but what friend Æsop says),  
 It so fell out, no matter how,  
 A Cat, an Eagle, and a Sow,  
 Chose at the self-same Tree to sleep,  
 And part with that they cou'dn't keep.  
 The Eagle, willing to be high,  
 Built on the branches next the sky;  
 Fond of the mire, the wallowing Sow  
 Litter'd among the roots below;  
 While Puss, the wisest of the three,  
 Preferr'd the middle of the Tree,  
 As best to act her private labours,  
 And watch the motions of her neighbours.  
 Now you must know, this Cat was one  
 Of those that all wise people shun,  
 An artful, fly, designing creature,  
 Cunning, and mischievous by nature;  
 Would purr, and fondle to your face,  
 But scratch you in another place:

S

Under

Under pretence to seek a mouse  
 She'd gain admittance to your house ;  
 Yet ere your back was fairly turn'd,  
 Would steal a steak, and swear 'twas burn'd.  
 This Cat, then, having form'd a plan,  
 Up to the Eagle's dwelling ran,  
 And thus, with fawning speech, began :  
 O mighty Queen of Birds ! I come,  
 To warn thee of approaching doom ;  
 While here wrapt up in peace you lie,  
 Nursing your royal progeny,  
 And conscious of no evil, trust  
 That all the World, like you, are just ;  
 'Too self-secure, you little know  
 Th' intentions of that grov'ling Sow,  
 Who daily undermines us all,  
 In hopes that soon the Tree will fall ;  
 And then, your Eaglet and my Kitten,  
 By her and bantlings will be eaten ;  
 Wherefore, I humbly do presume  
 Your Majesty should keep at home.  
 This said, away tripp'd Madam Puss,  
 Sought out the Sow, and spoke her thus :  
 For you and for myself I fear,  
 In vain your infant Pigs you rear ;  
 In vain with care you strive to fat 'em,  
 For soon yon Eagle will be at 'em.

The

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 You

The instant that you stir from home,  
 Soufe from her nest she'll downward come;  
 Nor less I tremble for my brood,  
 Tho' Pigs, perhaps, are sweeter food;  
 To stay within you'll find expedient,  
 So, Mistress Sow, your most obedient.  
 And now the Cat all day lay quiet,  
 But stole abroad at night for diet,  
 While the poor, deluded pair,  
 Fearful of each other's snare,  
 Kept themselves so close confin'd,  
 They soon were starv'd, and left behind  
 Prey to the Cat, their helpless young,  
 Sad victims to her treacherous tongue.

Reflected in this mirror view,  
 The destiny that waits on you;  
 Who like the Eagle, in her nest,  
 Admit such traitors to your breast:  
 Villains, who, to gain their ends,  
 Affect to be your dearest friends;  
 Th' affairs of other folks make known,  
 To learn the secrets of your own;  
 Then, with officious tales they run,  
 While he that trusts them, is undone:  
 Your Wife, your Children, worldly wealth,  
 Your fame, your peace of mind, your health,



Of all you have they'll strip you bare,  
 And take the very clothes you wear :  
 Then, not contented with your coat,  
 Smile in your face—and cut your throat.

And you, ye specious knaves, attend  
 The Fable, contemplate and mend ;  
 What tho' the purpose you design'd  
 Has fully answer'd to your mind ;  
 What tho' not openly betray'd,  
 You riot o'er the waste you made.  
 Can titles, pomp, or large estate  
 For loss of honour compensate ?  
 'Tis not the balm that affluence brings  
 Can ease the pangs of conscience stings ;  
 Remorse shall rend your guilty breast,  
 Reflection break your troubled rest ;  
 Lamenting Widows, Orphans' tears,  
 Shall still unceasing wound your ears :  
 The crimes you have so long conceal'd,  
 At length, by Time, shall be reveal'd ;  
 When torn with rage, deprest with fear,  
 Contempt shall meet you every where :  
 Then read my Fable o'er agen,  
 And learn to live like honest men.

ARLEY.

EPISTO-

*EPISTOLARY VERSES*  
 TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

AT ETON.

**J**OY to my youthful Friend, whom Eton loves,  
 Whom Learning favours, and the Muse approves;  
 Whose early genius, and whose rising fame,  
 On Virtue's basis found a future name !

Nurs'd in the Lap of Science, every hour  
 Contributes to encrease thy valued store ;  
 Each hast'ning day, with fresh instruction fraught,  
 Improves the mind, and elevates the thought ;  
 Maturer years thy youthful toils shall crown,  
 And Eton boast the plant herself has sown ;  
 The Muse, entwin'd in Friendship's sacred band,  
 Would wish those toils surpass'd, those years at hand,  
 Would joy to see the harvest thank thy care,  
 And yield thee every blessing life can share ;  
 But oh ! my Friend, how can the Muse, who knows,  
 That life encreasing brings encrease of woes ;  
 That youth's the surest season of delight,  
 While riper pleasures pall the sick'ning sight.  
 Say, can she thus desire thy years to haste,  
 Or wish thee purer joys than now you taste ?

Could she bestow, had Nature given the pow'r,  
 A happier era than the present hour?  
 While fresh with health, with youthful vigor gay,  
 Calm and serene Time sweetly glides away.  
 In search of knowledge cheerfully employ'd,  
 No minute lost, no season unenjoy'd;  
 Each hour of leisure innocently spent,  
 And every moment gilded with content.

Engag'd in pleasing toils, and glad pursuits,  
 'Tis now, my friend, you cull life's choicest fruits;  
 Nor broke by Care, nor chill'd by Fortune's frown,  
 Their sweets unsullied, and their thorns unknown;  
 Whether, attentive o'er th' instructive page,  
 You glean the labors of the classic Age,  
 Or, eager to excel in active sport,  
 Seek the green mead, and join the gay resort;  
 Whether in converse with Etonia's sons  
 You trace the bank where Thames meand'ring runs;  
 Or, lonely pensive, mark the murm'ring stream,  
 Invoke the Muse, and urge the lofty theme;  
 In every pastime, every toil you find  
 A temp'rate bosom, an unruffled mind;  
 No sorrows cloud, no rude reflections sour  
 The recreative, or the studious hour;  
 Free from the storms of guilt, the starts of fear,  
 Yours is the transient, if the frequent, tear;

The

The lively hope, the undissembl'd smile,  
Faith without bribe, and Friendship without guile.

Learn then, my Friend, your happiness to prize,  
(\* Marcus the voice of Cato won't despise),  
Let not the trivial incidents, that wait  
Daily to checker life's precarious state,  
That cheerful, sweet serenity remove,  
Which Virtue's sons can never fail to prove :  
So, when a few short years shall change the scene,  
And greater ills more frequent intervene ;  
When riper manhood deeper sorrows shares,  
And every day its load of anguish bears ;  
Howe'er thy Fortune's cast, whate'er thy lot,  
The conscious worth will never be forgot :  
O'erwhelm'd with ev'ry woe, you cannot fall,  
Virtue will rise superior to them all !

ARLEY.

\* Alluding to their having perform'd those characters at a private Play.



## OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

## A COUNTRY PLAYER.

**A**S some poor Candidate for vacant place,  
 With courteous countenance, solicits grace;  
 Protests all former errors to reform,  
 And promises much more than he'll perform;  
 Duly elected, by the ballot law,  
 Thanks you for favors which you can't withdraw,  
 Then flies to contemplate the coming store,  
 Receives the profit, and is heard no more:  
 So I, and doubtless with the same design,  
 Beg your benevolence for me, and mine:  
 Obsequious bowing, crave the public care,  
 And vow no labor, and no toil to spare;  
 Like brother Candidate, now come at last,  
 To make acknowledgments for kindness past;  
 Declare your bounties well o'erpay my pains,  
 Then sneak behind the scene—to count my gains:

Thus

Thus far, perhaps, the simile stands good——  
 No farther would I have it understood.  
 Unlike th' ingrate, tho' favors cease to flow,  
 Never may I forget the debt I owe.  
 Still as each circling season shall return,  
 May gratitude, within this bosom burn ;  
 Bid me be mindful of your smiles before,  
 And make me study to deserve them more.

Nor for myself alone I ask applause,  
 With trembling voice——I plead the gen'ral cause ;  
 For all my brethren your assistance crave,  
 Your grace to pardon, your relief to save.  
 Hard is the fortune of each strolling Play'r,  
 Necessity's rough burthen doom'd to bear ;  
 From no calamity of life exempt,  
 Tortur'd with hunger, trampil'd with contempt ;  
 Each opening mind, each dawning genius, see  
 Cheek'd by the hand of cheerless poverty,  
 What can support, and raise a young beginner,  
 When *Denmark's Prince* may want to-morrow's dinner ?  
 How can *Mercutio* smile——not worth a groat,  
 Unwash'd his linen, and unpaid his coat ?  
 Can *Romeo* weep, can *Juliet* JUSTLY die,  
 When Nature craves for both her just supply ?  
 Or can the deep distress of injur'd *Lear*,  
 Exert its pow'r to urge the feeling tear ?

Say,

Say, can that breast another's mis'ry moan,  
Which still with ceaseless woe laments its own?  
Oh no!—that Actor who would hope to please,  
Must boast contentment, and a mind at ease.  
That bosom, which would picture other's care,  
Must be itself a stranger to despair.—

Then kindly deign to grant the aid we need,  
Accept the weak endeavour for the deed :  
Permit your poor petitioners to live,  
And take our Thanks—the all we have to give !

ARLEY.

---

E P I T A P H.

**B**ENEATH this stone, return'd to kindred soil,  
The child of industry hath ceas'd from toil;  
Life's active path he blush'd not to pursue,  
His virtues ample, his desires but few;  
Content gave mod'rate wishes power to please,  
And honest labour honourable ease :—  
But, when he fondly thought fatigue was o'er,  
And wealth fast-flowing, promis'd joys in store,  
Death check'd, at once, the momentary pride,  
And all his earthly prospects instant died.

Here,

Here, then, thou slave of riches, tool of pow'r,  
 Pause——recollect——indulge the pensive hour;—  
 If virtuous efforts thus no fruit can bear,  
 And this the meed that waits on worldly care,  
 How weak ! how vain ! to think in base employ,  
 A *Life* of guilt can yield an *Hour* of joy.—

ARLEY.

---

A MORAL PICTURE.

ALL hail to thee ! thou peaceful lone retreat !

Welcome this rude uncultivated spot !

Where Hospitality has fix'd her seat,

In humble Poverty's sequester'd cot.

Those barren hills that bound yon dreary rocks,

That solitary stream meand'ring slow ;

This little pasture, and these scanty flocks,

Have charms which opulence may never know.

By servile tribes and Fortune's minions scorn'd,

Remote from crowds on schemes of grandeur bent,

Here simple Nature, sweetly unadorn'd,

Dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

Within



Within this lowly hut, whose tott'ring roof

Seems just departing from its time-worn thatch ;

A generous pair, Compassion's noblest proof,

For ev'ry traveller lift the friendly latch.

Tho' small their income, ample is their mind,

With few possessions they've abundant wealth ;

In Nature's bounteous lap they daily find

Life's choicest blessings, Innocence and Health.

Together once they trod its early stage,

Together now they journey down the vale ;

Past scenes of youth endear approaching age,

And waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,

With artless prattle every care beguiles ;

She, while her parents cherish and improve,

Cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant smiles.

For her alone they wear a short-liv'd gloom,

Her future weal still anxious to secure ;

Content, when summon'd to their final doom,

To leave her honest, tho' they leave her poor.

" O sacred wedlock ! flame for ever bright !

" Perpetual source of untumultuous joy !

" Pure silent stream ! that flows with new delight,

" Bliss still encreasing, sweets that never cloy ;

" 'Midst

“ ’Midst bustling throngs, thy soft endearments

“ charm,

“ Restrain the husband, and protect the wife ;

“ But chief, thy chaste connubial raptures warm

“ The peaceful current of unruffled life.”

There the mild transports of the social hour,

Forbid each all-completed wish to roam,

Best pleas'd to seek Retirement's halcyon bow'r,

And rear their rip'ning progeny at home.

Approach this rural scene, ye little great,

Ye ever-roving, ever-thoughtless crew,

Suspend a while magnificence and state,

To learn Contentment from the happy few.

Come too, ye cruel, unrelenting Fair,

Who from your children banish Nature's friend,

Here view the pattern of maternal care,

And while you contemplate that pattern mend.

Come, wearied Indigence, forget thy woes,

This faithful cottage harbours no disguise ;

Here undisturb'd, enjoy a calm repose,

And taste that comfort which the world denies.

A R L E Y.

T O A F R I E N D,  
W I T H A S W O R D.

**D**ULY observant of my word,  
Accept, at length, the promis'd sword;  
Fearless accept, nor think, I send  
A dangerous present to my friend.  
Tho' wisely, we the weapon dread,  
If anger, or if folly lead,  
Good-naturé, and good-sense may wear  
The harmless gift without a fear;

O ne'er may you the blade unsheath,  
Unless to guard bright Honor's wreath;  
For hapless he, who idly draws  
His sword, in aught but Virtue's cause;

Tho' anxious to preserve our name,  
Beyond ourselves we prize our fame;  
Still may my friend with caution act,  
And reason justify the fact.

The breast impatient of controul,  
Denotes the coward, or the fool;  
True valor, you alone will find,  
Dwells in the calm attemper'd mind.

The man whom discord bids recoil,  
 Who careful shuns the midnight broil,  
 Soon as his Country calls, afar  
 Will dauntless brave the storms of war.

Ever may smiling peace attend,  
 And cheer each moment of my friend;  
 And may he never lose the sword,  
 'Till lost to honor and his word!

ARLEY.

---

E L E G Y

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. STERNE.

*Which happened at the Time of the General Election,*

1768.

WHILE venal crowds for worthless men en-  
 gage,

Who basely promise what they won't perform;  
 While Freedom's purchas'd, and while Faction's  
 rage

Rends England's peace with her septennial storm;



Unaw'd by pow'r, unsway'd by partial views,  
 Deaf to the clam'rous roar of public strife,  
 Calmly contemplative, the private muse  
 Marks the calamities of private life:

Sees worth and wisdom daily sink away,  
 Sees, and laments them, with a kind concern,  
 E'en now to sorrow yields the pensive lay,  
 And drops a tear for genius and for *Sterne*.

O! form'd to please, to urge the social sigh,  
 The gloomy hours of anguish to beguile,  
 To temper humour with humanity,  
 And melt the Bosom, while you force the  
 smile!

Soon shall thy works, the darts of slander stem-  
 med,  
 By Wisdom cherish'd, and by Virtue priz'd,  
 Be by Hypocrisy alone condemn'd,  
 By prudish ignorance alone despis'd.

For what is wisdom, what is virtue worth?  
 Hard-hearted spleen, and rigor to destroy,  
 To raise compassion, call our feelings forth,  
 And sooth life's cares with inoffensive joy?

Let

Let Folly's sons, to malice ever prone,  
 Deem all thy labors vain, caprice and whim,  
 Benignity and Truth, will ever own  
 The generous *Toby* and the faithful *Trim*.

Grant, decency may sometimes discommend,  
 And plead its outward barriers you assault;  
*Maria's* woes, and poor *Le Fevre's* end  
 Make ample recompense for every fault:

Long Gratitude thy memory shall revere,  
 Long, as benevolence and virtue reign;  
 Pity, thy monumental stone shall rear,  
 And daily dew it, with a tear humane.

There honor, love, and friendship, shall attend,  
 Wait round thy silent ashes as they sleep;  
 There, wit and genius mourn their common  
 friend,  
 And mirth, unpatroniz'd, shall learn to weep.

ARLEY.

## SONNET.

## TO MELISSA'S LIPS.

DEAR balmy lips of her who holds my heart  
In the soft bondage of a love sincere!—

Dear *balmy* lips! your cherub smiles impart  
To your adoring suppliant's earnest pray'r.  
Not the fresh rose-bud, charg'd with vernal dew,  
Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,  
Nor the gay blossoms of the summer thorn,  
Are half so glowing, or so sweet as you!

Dear lips!—permit *my trembling lips* to press  
Your ripen'd softness, in a tender kiss:

And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss,  
Will you—(dear lips!) the eager strangers bless?

"Ah fond request!—the beauteous owner cries,

"Cease, wayward youth!—whoever touches—dies!"

BENEDICT.

## SONNET.

## THE VALENTINE OF HOPELESS LOVE!

WAK'D by the breath of spring, in ev'ry vale  
The latent primrose rears her sickly head;  
The virgin snow-drop decks the verdant bed,  
And violets blue perfume the passing gale.

The tuneful linnet plumes her speckled wing,  
 The tender stock-dove coo's in every grove,  
 The soaring lark chaunts loud the song of love ;—  
 All nature owns thy influence, genial spring !  
 All, all but I !—condemn'd by wayward fate  
 To bear love's keenest arrow in my breast ;  
 'Tis vain to wish—to hope, alas ! too late—  
 No change of season gives my bosom rest !

A tear from thee is all the boon I crave,  
 To dew the wither'd sod that marks my grave !

BENEDICT.

## SONNET.

## MELISSA'S RETIREMENT.

AH me ! why heaves my breast with frequent sighs ?  
 What chills my heart with such unusual fear ?  
 Why steal the tears, unbidden, from my eyes ?—  
 Why sink my wearied spirits in despair ?  
 The fatal cause, alas ! I know too well !

Far from my arms you, cruel ! mean to go,  
 Hence, hence my unavailing sorrows flow :  
 But,—can I live to hear you say “farewell !”

Yes, I shall live, to grief a wretched prey—  
 For, when your presence cheers the calm retreat,  
 My moans the widow'd dove will oft repeat,  
 And ev'ry gale will sighs of mine convey !

Then



Then go!—But think of him who, sad,—forlorn—  
Here pines and sickens for your dear return !

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

T O M A Y.

**I**N vain, soft May, thy fragrant flowers blow ;  
In vain, thy feather'd minstrels pour the strain  
Of praise and love,——I wretched, still remain  
The child of suff'rance, and they prey of woe !  
The *faint* Narcissus, and the musky rose,  
I've often woo'd to my delighted breast ;  
The primrose, and the violet too, I chose,  
And in one nosegay all their sweets compress'd.  
The lark's wild hymn, the linnet's artless lay,  
Oft " tun'd to ecstasy " my youthful heart ;—  
But now !——thy blossoms, and thy birds, soft May,  
To this sad breast no rapture can impart !

MELISSA's frowns, thy gentle pow'r controul,  
And spread the clouds of Winter o'er my soul.

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

## SONNET.

TO MELISSA.

**W**HENEER thy Angel-form salutes my eye,  
 What tender spasms convulse my beating heart !  
 My trembling limbs but small support impart ;  
 My aching bosom heaves the deep drawn sigh !  
 A wild confusion overwhelms my brain——  
 My fault'ring tongue cleaves to the parching roof,  
 My spirits fail !—ah, melancholy proof  
 How well thou'rt lov'd !—tho' lov'd, alas ! in vain !  
 ——Impell'd by sorrow, should my lovely Maid  
 Bend her slow footsteps to the silent spot,  
 Where this distracted head shall soon be laid  
 In Death's chill clasp, by all—but her—forgot !  
 Oh ! let her bid my wand'ring Spirit rest,  
 And the green sod lie lightly on my Breast !

BENEDICT.

## SONNET.

TO MELISSA.

**T**HROUGH all the woes which destiny severe,  
 Has doom'd this wretched bosom to sustain,  
 One tender thought still moderates its pain,  
 And saves my lab'ring mind from dire despair !

——When

—When far from thee, by hopeless sorrow led,  
 O'er stormy seas, and foreign lands thy love shall stray;  
 Tho' urg'd by want to ask precarious bread,  
 One tender thought shall cheer the toilsome way!  
 And when, at last, worn out by ceaseless care,  
 I seek lone Melancholy's quiet cell,  
 For THEE I'll earnest breathe my latest pray'r,  
 On thee my latest thought shall fondly dwell!  
 'Till the last sigh, shall from my lips depart,  
 I'll keep the dear idea cherish'd in my heart!

BENEDICT.

## SONNET.

## THE INVITATION.

COME, dear Melissa, come! where \* *Craia* pours  
 Her silver urn in murm'ring lapse serene,  
 Near *Bessley's* humble fane, where ev'ry green  
 Shall join their foliage to refresh thy bow'rs.  
 Oft by the winding stream thy love shall stray,  
 To lure, with harmless guile, the finny race;  
 Oft too, at eve, the dewy meads he'll trace,  
 And offer, at thy board, the speckled prey.

\* A Brook in Kent.

Pity,

Pity, I know, thy gentle breast will move,  
 For the dumb children of the teeming flood;  
 —But they are form'd for man's delight and good,  
 By Providence divine, and heav'nly love.

My angel, come! while summer cheers the plain,  
 And corn-flow'rs blow, and am'rous doves complain.

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

M E L I S S A !

HER dark-brown tresses negligently flow  
 In curls luxuriant, to her bending waist ;  
 Her *darker* brows, in perfect order plac'd,  
 Guard her bright eyes, that mildly beam below,  
 The Roman elegance her nose displays——  
 Her cheeks—soft blushing, emulate the rose,  
 Her witching smiles, the orient pearls disclose :  
 And o'er her lips, the dew of Hybla strays.  
 Her lib'ral mind, the gentler virtues own ;  
 Her chasten'd wit, instructive lore impart ;  
 Her lovely breast is soft Compassion's throne,  
 And Honor's temple is her glowing heart.

But I, like Patriarch Moses, praise and bless,  
 The Canaan which I never shall possess!

BENEDICT.

SON-



## SONNET.

TO THE

## RIVER USK, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

OH! stream belov'd! within whose gelid caves,  
 The Naiads sport the fervid noontide hour!  
 What bliss was mine, when in my native bow'r,  
 I sung my simple sonnet to thy waves!  
 Thy rocks romantic, and thy woods sublime,  
 Where erst the Druid watch'd the sacred oak,  
 And the rapt bard his lyre prophetic struck,  
 Fill'd the rough cadence of my artless rhyme.  
 When vernal suns dissolv'd the mountain snow,  
 And all the Nymphs were frighted from thy shore,  
 I lov'd to see thy flood, majestic flow,  
 And hear thy bold resistless current roar.

But now!—far from thy banks, I hapless rove,  
 The slave of fair MELLISSA and of love!

BENEDICT.

## S O N N E T.

TO

GENERAL ELLIOTT,

ON HIS  
ARRIVAL FROM GIBRALTAR.

**T**HOUGH *Gratitude* no arch triumphal rears  
 To grace the laurel'd HERO's late return;  
 And tho' no blazing trophies vainly burn,  
 Or mob tumultuous at thy car appears,  
 Yet shall thy name, and martial deeds be read,  
 While CALPE's rock defies the sea and wind!  
 THY NAME!——the admiration of mankind,  
 The Briton's pride, and swarthy Spaniards dread!  
 Trust to the heav'nly Muse thy well earn'd fame:  
 Hark!——lovely SEWARD strikes th' Horatian  
     lyre,  
 On Trenta's banks, with more than Roman fire,  
 And gives to endless Time thy GLORIOUS NAME!  
 ELLIOTT! accept *this* verse——and *it* will be  
 Immortal too, because address'd to THEE.

BENEDICT.

## PARTING ADDRESS

TO

D E L L A C R U S C A

*Et vix sustinuit dicere lingua, vale! OVID.*

AH! *tuneful* BARD, whose loss the world must  
grieve,

A last farewell, from one unknown, receive;

Could but my pen with magic force prevail,

Never should DELLA CRUSCA spread the sail;

Ne'er seek in foreign climes repose to find,

Nor leave the *Fair* MATILDA's form behind:

But should'st thou, driv'n by adverse fortune, go,

Be thine the pleasure, ours alone the woe:

May'st thou be favour'd with some faithful friend,

May roscate Health on all thy steps attend;

Safely conduct thee to thy couch at eve,

And in the morn thy first salute receive;

And if sweet peace of mind can ever dwell

Where *Love*, Almighty LOVE, has fix'd his spell,

Be

Be *peace of mind*, and every joy thy guest,  
While none but *Love's* soft transports warm thy  
breast.

And sure, if DELLA CRUSCA should once more,  
By prosperous gales be borne to ALBION's shore,  
His muse again will tune the vocal lay,  
And gently steal the list'ning soul away :—  
Again will sweetly charm th' attentive throng,  
With all the elegance of *Classic Song* !  
Cold were th' unfeeling Breast which could re-  
fuse

A parting tribute to so sweet a muse ;  
Envious the hand that would attempt to tear,  
The laurel chaplet from thy flowing hair ;  
Not such *his* wish, who now attempts the lyre—  
Warm'd by a spark of thy celestial fire,  
Inspir'd by thee, his *Muse* has dar'd the flight,  
Pays homage to thy lays—then sinks in endless  
night.

THEODOSIUS.



## THE AFRICAN BOY.

AH, tell me, *little mournful Moor*,  
 Why still you linger on the shore?  
 Hasten to your play-mates, hasten away,  
 Nor loiter here with fond delay:  
 When Morn unveil'd her radiant eye,  
 You hail'd me as I wander'd by;  
 Returning at th' approach of Eve,  
 Your meek salute I still receive.

*Benign Enquirer*, thou shalt know  
 Why here my lonesome moments flow:  
 'Tis said thy Countrymen (no more  
 Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)  
 Return to bless, to raise, to cheer,  
 And pay *Compassion's* long arrear.

'Tis said the num'rous Captive Train,  
 Late bound by the degrading Chain,  
 Triumphant come, with swelling snails,  
 'Mid smiling skies, and western gales;  
 They come with festive heart and glee,  
 Their hands unshackled—minds as free;  
 They come at Mercy's great command,  
 To repossess their native land.

The gales that o'er the Ocean stray,  
And chase the waves in gentle play,  
Methinks they whisper as they fly,

JUELLEN *soon will meet thine eye!*

'Tis this that sooths her little Son,

Blends all its wishes into one:

Ah! were I clasp'd in her embrace,

I wou'd forgive her past disgrace:

Forgive the memorable hour

She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r;

Forgive her lost, distracted air,

Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r;

The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheek,

And last, her agonizing shriek.

Lock'd in her hair, a ruthless hand

Trail'd her along the flinty strand;

A ruffian train, with clamours rude,

The impious spectacle pursu'd:

Still as she mov'd, in accents wild

She cried aloud, *My child! my child!*

The lofty bark she now ascends;

With screams of woe, the air she rends:

The vessel less'ning from the shore,

Her piteous wails I heard no more;

Now as I stretch'd my last survey,

Her distant form dissolv'd away.

That day is past : I cease to mourn——  
 Succeeding joy shall have its turn,  
 Beside the hoarse-resounding deep,  
 A pleasing anxious watch I keep :  
 For when the morning clouds shall break,  
 And darts of day the darkness streak,  
 Perchance along the glitt'ring main,  
 (Oh, may this hope not throb in vain)  
 To meet these long-desiring eyes,  
 JUELLEN and the Sun may rise.

\* THE BARD.

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N O T I C E.

*The following Poems were not inserted in the first Edition of this Work.*

T O M I S S F A R R E N,

O N H E R

B E I N G A B S E N T F R O M C H U R C H.

**W**HILE wond'ring Angels, as they look'd  
 from high,  
 Observ'd thine Absence with an holy sigh,

\* These elegant little Poems signed THE BARD, we understand to be from the pen of Mr. JERNINGHAM.

To

To them a bright exalted Seraph said,  
 " Blame not the conduct of the absent Maid!  
 " Where e'er she goes, her steps can never stray,  
 " RELIGION walks Companion of her way:  
 " She goes with ev'ry virtuous thought impress,  
 " HEAV'N on her FACE, and HEAV'N within her  
 BREAST."

THE BARD.

THE VOICE WE LOVE.

SOFT is the Zephyr's breezy wing;  
 And balmy is the breath of SPRING,  
 When o'er the silent dewy Vale  
 Its variegated sweets exhale,  
 Stolen from the freshen'd flower,  
 Glitt'ning with an evening shower,  
 From the VI'LET's nectar'd dew—  
 From the ROSE of blushing hue;  
 And from sweet THYME, empurpling all the ground,  
 It gathers rich perfume, and sheds the odours round:  
 Yet say, what sweets can half so fragrant prove,  
 As the soft Breath of those we fondly love?

Go listen to the softest Lute—

The most persuasive, magic song,

And hear the sweet responsive flute

The wild melodious strains prolong;

Attend



Attend awhile, the soft impassion'd lyre,  
That melts the frozen heart, and kindles fond desire.

SIMPLICITY, thy steps shall lead,

To the simple, verdant mead;

For to humble plains belong

The *Oaten Pipe*, and *Past'ral Song* :

Untutor'd in the School of Art,

They breathe the impulse of the heart ;—

Hear the strain, and mark it well—

There true LOVE and HONOUR dwell.

Whispering from among the trees,

Sighing to the passing wind,

Echoing back the evening breeze,

The soft *Bolian Harp* you'll find.

Mark its wild, uncertain measure,

This is FANCY's sweetest treasure,

There she reigns, and while she sings,

*Fairy fingers kiss the strings—*

There the *Blue-eyed* PLEASURES meet—

There is LOVE's most fav'rite seat—

There of HOPE, the lov'd retreat,

And ev'ry thing that's soft, and ev'ry thing that's  
sweet.

Of all the rapt melodious tones,  
 That *Heaven-descended Music* owns,  
 Recall the soft, the magic strain,  
     That seem'd to vibrate on thine heart,  
 And could a tranſient joy impart,  
 As the wild numbers linger'd thro' the plain.

Then ſay, *ſond YOUTH*, upon thy penſive breaſt,  
 Is not this truth indelibly impreſt—

“ No dulcet ſounds can ſo harmonious prove,

“ As the ſoft accents of the Voice we love !”

CESARIO.

### HENRY DECEIVED.

GOD OF THE BOW ! how *blind* art thou !  
 Surely the fillet on thy brow  
 Is coarſer wove, than was the caſe  
 When Mortals view'd thee face to face.  
 For well we know your Eyes celeftial,  
 When ſeen of old by Belles terreſtrial,  
 Were deck'd with bandeau light and airy,  
 As might become a Summer Fairy.  
 Their ſoft blue orbs ſo ſlight were bound,  
 Thy piercing glance no *hind'rance* found ;

The

The Gossamour's transparent skin  
 Reposing on the lucid air,  
 Appear'd no longer light or thin,

If with thy veil it should compare.

Then was thy sight like Eagles' keen!

Nor Gods nor Men escap'd thine eye,

Nor cavern dark, nor beamy sky—

Nay, *Thoughts* scarce born, by thee were seen,

But now—oh dull of eye and heart!

Thou know'st not *WHENCE* Love's ardors start;

And when stiff \* \* 's lines appear,

You whisper in my HENRY's ear

That they are EMMA's!!

HENRY believes—HENRY admires;

He thinks he sees his EMMA's fires

Dart vig'rous through each labour'd page—

He *knows*, and *feels* her tender rage;

Then asks—“ *And can a Man like me,*

“ *Call forth such Poetry in thee?*”

Believing that the pen is mine,

He faints with rapturous pause, on each delusive

line.

Thou, HENRY, ne'er canst learn the wounds I felt,

Whilst you, unconscious, such barbed Satire dealt.

Midst

Midst your fond praise, my pierc'd heart inly bled,  
And shame bow'd down your EMMA's sorrowing  
head.

What! to be lov'd for Wit I never own'd!  
And by a STRANGER's Verse to be dethron'd!  
How did I hate the graces of her song—  
The cluster'd sweets that round her soft lute throng;  
Which like the Bees of Hybla's yellow woods,  
Appear'd to pour their wealth in golden floods.  
My fancy pictur'd richer notes than fell  
From him of old, who to the verge of hell  
Let forth the wife he lov'd;—but ah! when read,  
Mad jealousy, and childish envy fled;  
The harmless lines I saw, without one sigh,  
And SMILING WONDER flash'd across my eye,

Mistaking HENRY, look once more;  
Again read \* \* 's Verses o'er!  
Should *I* complain of love betray'd?  
*I*, write like some forsaken Maid—  
Whilst the warm blood within thy veins  
Flows but for ME? Whilst EMMA reigns  
Supreme within thy inmost soul,  
And *distant*, yet can still controul  
Its inmost movements, and desires,  
And knows HERSELF sole object of its fires—  
Should *She* in dismal ditties mourn,  
Whilst Love and Truth so brightly burn?

Mistaking



Mistaking HENRY, look once more—  
 Again read \* \* \* 's Verses o'er;  
 Were *I* the Poet, *Thou* the theme,  
 Think'st thou like her's, my Verse would gleam  
 With sunny rays, and misty hills,  
 And myrtle groves, and foamy rills?  
 Oh no, THYSELF—HENRY, Thyself alone  
 Should stand confest on LOVE's ETERNAL THRONE;  
 Round THEE the brightness of my Verse should shine,  
 Round THEE my living Lays for ever, ever twine!

If *Verse descriptive* warms thy heart,  
 If *that*, bids throbs of Passion start,  
*I* could seize Fancy's various clue;  
 Untired, her shifting steps pursue,  
 I'd call Night's Camp, a Crystal Bow—  
 Bid her, her silv'ry shafts bestow  
 Upon the tufted, emerald plain,  
 Or shower them o'er the shining main:  
 Or when the full-orb'd, jolly Moon  
 Rode dull, and thoughtless to her noon,  
 I'd swear she dress'd her white-lock'd hours  
 In choicest hue;—and call'd forth flow'rs  
 Of softer tint, and mild perfume,  
 Wove in her own translucent loom,  
 To deck the world o'er which she hung—  
 An amorous, ray-crown'd, hovering Dove!  
 But when all this is said, or sung,  
 It is not, foolish HENRY, LOVE.

I'd bear thee to the mountain's height,  
 Rear'd, midst the sparkling dome of night ;  
 Observe the Court of Heaven hung round  
 With drops of flame, on azure ground ;  
 Shew where bright VENUS rolls her car,  
 And where chill SATURN—monstrous Star!  
 Through thirty years drives torpid on,  
 And all these Summers counts as ONE.

Bid Thee regard almost with scorn  
 Our *trifling System* ;—where is borne  
 In fond Attraction's airy chain  
 THE MIGHTY PLANETARY TRAIN ;  
 For oh, beyond that System's bounds—  
 Where that, in all its various rounds

Ne'er shed the faintest ray—  
 Where the vast Sun's unmeasur'd light,  
 In rushing floods, in boundless flight,

Ne'er *imitated Day* ;  
 Far, far beyond, new orbits trace  
 In wider heavens, in grander space,

Their gorgeous way in flame !  
 And these, again, in turn shall shrink,  
 Abash'd, amidst CREATION sink,

And hardly own a name.  
 All these may ADORATION move—  
 With strong Devotion touch the soul,

X

Bid

Bid Piety her incense roll—

But still, my HENRY, 'tis not LOVE.

In future know, when vagrant Verse  
Shall any *other* strain rehearse,  
Though the rapt Pen may nicely blend—  
All TRUTH or FICTION e'er could lend

To elevate the Lays:

Though all APOLLO's Fire should seem  
T' illumine the Page with sacred beam,

And bless the Bard with bays—

Yet, if LOVE thrills not in each turn,

Nor seems along the line to burn,

Nor gives each verse the touch divine—

They are not wrote to THEE, nor are their glories  
MINE.

EMMA.

TO EMMA.

WAS it the SHUTTLE of the MORN  
That wove upon the Cobweb'd Thorn  
Thy airy Lay?—Or did it rise  
In thousand rich enamell'd dies,  
To greet the Noon day Sun—and glow  
With brighter beams, than he can throw?

Or,

Or, was it wafted by the AUSTRAL BREEZE,  
 That bathes him in the wild perfume  
 Of ev'ry Rose's liquid bloom—  
 That hangs upon the Lily's lip,  
 Her silken beverage to sip—

Tell me—O TELL ME, EMMA, which of these?

How burst the Music on my ear!  
 The only Music HENRY bears to hear!  
 I felt it!—each strong nerve inflame!  
 Like a new soul usurp my heart,  
 And rage and burn in ev'ry part!  
 Ah! sure, not even Death's cold spell  
 Could the fierce fury of my passion quell!

But springing from this earthly dross,  
 Far, to the winds, my cares I'd toss,  
 And swear, before the living Shrine  
 Where Seraphs worship Truth Divine,  
 That still I LOV'D BUT THEE—and THOU WERT  
 STILL THE SAME.

Ah! wonder not, a STRANGER SONG  
 Should cheat me thus—I own it wrong.  
 Low, in the dust, my head I bow,  
 As if, I COULD, HAVE FALSIFY'D MY VOW!  
 Yes—banish from thy thought surprise—  
 For, THOU art ever present to my eyes,



At each successive, varying hour !

THOU, whisper'st in the soft'ning show'r—

The Linnet's trill—but, tells of THEE !

THOU, smil'st upon the Summer's Sea !

And when " the Jolly Full Moon " laughs

In her clear Zenith, to behold

The envious Stars, withdraw their gleams of gold,

'Tis to THY HEALTH, she stooping quaffs

The Sapphire Cup that FAIRY ZEPHYRS bring,

Which, gay, intoxicating Bliss

With dewy glances, paus'd to kiss,

Where EROIC LOVE has dipp'd his purple wing !

Then let the HARP thy mad touch prove,

And SING—and SING AGAIN—of LOVE !

Sing—till FAINT EVENING drops to rest,

On WEEPING TWILIGHT'S DOWNY BREAST—

Till grey-hair'd MELANCHOLY DAWN,

Culls the loose vapours from the Shadowy Lawn !—

And only check the rapture-breathing sound,

When faithful HENRY at thy feet is found !

YES, YES, I COME, with light'ning speed I fly,

To meet th' Enchantment of thy melting Eye !

To kneel before thee—to subdue thy blame,

For still I LOVE BUT THEE—and THOU ART STILL

THE SAME !

HENRY.

☞ The following Lines were addressed to Mr.  
HUMPHREY, the celebrated Miniature Painter,

AND WHEN "THE JOLLY FALL MOON" LAUGHS  
THE ENIVIOUS STARS WITHDRAW THEIR GLEAMS OF GOLD,  
THEIR GLASSY EYES TO BEHOLD  
THE FAIRER LIGHT OF MISS FARREN,  
BY LORD DERBY.

O THOU, whose pencil all the Graces guide,  
 Whom Beauty, conscious of her fading bloom,  
 So oft implores, alas! with harmless pride,  
 To snatch the transient treasure from the tomb;  
 Pleas'd I behold the Fair, whose comic art  
 Th' unwearied eye of taste and judgment draws;  
 Who charms with Nature's elegance the heart,  
 And claims the loudest thunder of applause.  
 Such, such alone should prompt thy pencil's toil:  
 Of saving Folly give thy labour o'er;  
 Fools never will be wanting to our ills,  
 Perhaps a *Farren* may appear no more.

HENRY

**GENERAL CONWAY'S ELEGY**

ON THE DEATH OF

**MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL.**

DAUGHTER OF THE

**RIGHT HON. LORD WILLIAM CAMPBELL**

**S**INCE 'tis the will of all-disposing Heaven,  
 To seize the boon its kinder hand had given;  
 Whether on earth thy friendly spirit rove,  
 Midst the once happy partners of thy love;  
 (Scenes where thy virtues reign'd, thy talents  
 shone,  
 And fond affection made each heart thy own;)   
 Or, bounding swift, has wing'd its airy flight  
 To the pure regions of eternal light;  
 Look down, fair Saint, and O, with pity see,  
 Where sad Remembrance lifts each thought to  
 thee.  
 Accept the heaving sigh, the trickling tear;  
 The last, best offerings of a heart sincere.  
 What tho' no costly hecatombs should bleed,  
 Nor lengthen'd train in fable pomp succeed;  
 Yet shall the sweetest flowers thy grave adorn,  
 Wash'd by the kindest tears of dewy morn.

There

There shall each friend, thy heav'nly virtues made,  
 With pious dirge invoke thy gentle shade;  
 Like fragrant incense the soft breath shall rise,  
 And smooth thy passage to thy kindred skies.

Severely kind, O why did adverse fate

Grant such vast bounties with so scant a date?  
 Give such sweet fragrance to this short-liv'd flower,  
 The virtues of an age, to last an hour!

It gave her wit might grace a Muse's tongue,  
 The charm of numbers, and the power of long;  
 Th' angelic touch to strike the trembling string,  
 And tune such notes as its own seraphs sing.

But O! o'er-bounteous, with that sacred art,  
 It gave each nicer movement to the heart;

And her soft breast, with strong sensation fir'd,  
 Felt the keen impulse which those arts inspir'd.  
 Too great a portion of celestial flame  
 Strain'd the frail texture of her weaker frame;  
 The subtle fire too pow'rful forc'd its way

Thro' the soft yielding mould of mortal clay;

As the clear air in crystal prison pent,  
 Oft bursts its fair but brittle tenement;  
 While in the dust the glittering fragments lie,  
 The purer æther gains its native sky.

Ere the stern Sisters cut the vital thread,

I saw, and kiss'd her on the fatal bed,



Just as her gentle spirit took its flight,  
 And her faint eye-lids clos'd in endless night;  
 No strong convulsions shook her parting breath;  
 No tremors mark'd the cold approach of Death:  
 Her heart still heav'd, with vital spirit warm,  
 And each soft feature wore its wonted charm.

Ah me! in this perplexing maze of fate;  
 This doubtful, erring, varying, restless state;  
 Tho' guilt with swelling sail elate shall steer,  
 With pomp and pleasure crown'd, its full career;  
 Tho' worth like thine no pitying power shall save,  
 From sickness, pain, and an untimely grave:  
 Yet stay, rash mortal, nor presume to fear,  
 By thy imperfect rule th' Almighty's plan.  
 O censure not his Sovereign, high behest,  
 But prostrate own, whatever is, is best:  
 Judgment's the part of Heaven; Submission, thine:  
 We may lament; but we must not repine.  
 Each has his lot (for so does Heaven ordain)  
 His stated share of happiness and pain:  
 And mortals, best its just commands fulfil,  
 When they enjoy the good, and patient bear the ill.

AMICUS

E P I T A P H

## ON MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL.

O *Pensive* PASSENGER! do not deny

To pause a while, and weep upon this Tomb;  
For here the cold remains of CAMPBELL lie—

This narrow spot the vernal Maiden's doom.

With her, alas! the fairest talents fell—

And now her *Harp's melodious Song* is o'er;

Gone is that Pulse, which *PITY* lov'd to swell,

And all her *Virtues* are on Earth no more.

Yes, she was gentle as the twilight breath,

That on the fainting Violet's bosom blows,

Meekly she bow'd her to the Frost of Death,

In faded semblance of the Silver Rose.

And oft low bending o'er this hallow'd ground,

Shall the *pure Angel*, INNOCENCE appear;

And FRIENDSHIP, like a *Hermit*, shall be found,

To bathe the circling Sod with many a Tear.

A M I C U S.

M A R.

## MARQUIS TOWNSHEND'S VERSES

ON HIS NIECE

MISS GARDINER.

AS late FLORINDA on her death-bed lay,  
 And felt, compos'd, each vital pow'r decay;  
 No longer science could her bloom sustain,  
 And KINDRED TEARS \* in showers fell in vain:  
 The sun meridian glimmer'd to her eye,  
 And panting breath announc'd her end was nigh:  
 She turn'd, and smiling ask'd, " When shall I  
     " die?"

" In realms above my long-mourn'd mother join?

" See, see her arms stretch'd out to meet with  
     " mine!"

Adieu, pure SOUL! with rapture take thy flight,

Quit thy dark mansion for *Eternal Light*!—

For bliss eternal! whilst at Heaven's gate

Thy sister Angels thy arrival wait,

Swift to conduct thee to thy parent's breast;

For *Heav'n* has heard, and granted thy request.

\* The kindred tears, in the 4th line, are those of the Marchioness Townshend. This is the incident painted by Mrs. Colway.

## THE CHOSEN PHYSICIAN.

THE NIGHT RUSH'D FORTH! and with  
 her brought  
 All that is vanquishing to cheerful thought.  
 Her clouds from hill to hill she threw,  
 And from her hand red lightnings flew;  
 She sweeps her raven-robe around,  
 No Star can pierce the deep profound:  
 Her black winds struggle in the woods,  
 Her magic frees the seal'd-up floods;  
 They wash high *Ob'lists* from their base,  
 And NATURE's *sweetest* traits efface:  
 The TEMPEST howls—it calls its forces round,  
 And sudden Thunders midst the Rocks rebound.  
 WILLIS, in such a horror-giving night,  
 Saw a swift burst of soft celestial light:  
*Celestial light in human form!*  
 It wav'd its hand; th' obedient storm,  
 In dying murmurs, slowly took its flight.  
 TH' IMMORTAL spoke! "Heir of bright Science,  
 come,  
 I'll lead thee to the hidden dome,  
 Where all those ills are bred,  
 That to the silent grave have led

The



The mourning, laughing Sons of Breath,  
*Who only live TO TREAD THE PATH OF DEATH."*  
 The ANGEL ceas'd, whilst odours grew,  
 Of which a mystic veil he threw  
 Around th' entranced Son of Breath,  
 And bade him wake before the Courts of Death.  
 THE GATES *fliff* HORROR *kept*, with mildew'd wing,  
 And ever and anon about would fling  
 Rank pois'nous vapours on the air,  
 Which gather'd up by pale DESPAIR,  
 And wrapt in epidemial clouds,  
 Amongst Mankind are hur'd;  
 Whilst graves distend their jaws for crouds,  
 Who come, and thin the groaning world.

Within those direful Portals were display'd,  
 All that terrific FANCY e'er pourtray'd  
 In the sad midnight hour;  
 When CONSCIENCE-struck, the proudest nerves will  
 shake,

When the forgotten crime will fiercely wake,  
 And own the sacred power.  
 Not one disease that burns within the veins,  
 Or racks the sinews with obtuser pains;  
 Not one, that sily feasts on rosy health,  
 Or riots boldly on the heart's best wealth—  
 But here its fiend-like GENIUS might be found.  
 Uttering accursed words, and dreadful shrieks around.

When

When sudden from the meaner crowd  
 Burst forth a SPECTRE, large and loud;  
 His eye-balls roll'd with hollow stare,  
 Abrupt and furious was his air,  
 He tost with bitter groans his dismal chain,

*Then GRINN'D, as though he found FELICITY in*

*PAIN.*

Where-e'er he mov'd, *his brother sprites*  
 Shot from his view. His fearful rights  
 To be SUPREMBLY HORRIBLE seem'd own'd,  
*And in his fiercer pangs their woes aton'd.*  
 The ANGEL seiz'd him as he fled,  
 And to the *blest* PHYSICIAN led.

"Bind firm the MONSTER!" said the heavenly  
 Voice,

On thee, SELECTED MAN, descends th' ALMIGHTY'S  
*choice.*

To thee his wisdom gives this Fiend to sway,  
 And pour on those he wounds BRIGHT REASON'S  
 RAY.

*Immortal Reason*, subject to thy skill,  
 Shall know again its wonted feat to fill!  
 Celestial CONSCIOUSNESS its powers recal,  
 And wild PHANTASMA shall no more appal.  
 Oh? to thy SOV'REIGN fly! for in his veins  
 The poison of this raging *Demon* reigns:  
 'Tis HEAVEN commands; nor thou repugnance feel;  
 Restore the MONARCH'S Health! restore the PEOPLE'S  
 Weal!

Y

Th'

*Th' inspir'd* PHYSICIAN fought the MONARCH's  
bed,

And heavenly balms diffus'd around his head;

He calm'd his Pulse, he sooth'd the Fever's rage,

And knew each ardent symptom to assuage.

OUR SOV'REIGN *wakes*! his Mind no more subdu'd;

Again with health his tepid blood's imbued:

He *wakes*!

*Exulting* BRITAIN, hear th' enrapturing sound!

He *wakes*! oh, EUROPE, waft the tidings round.

ANGELS, report it! hear, SERAPHIC FIRES!

Breathe it, ye CHERUBS, to your rosy Lyres!

But, oh! to WILLIS, what the glorious Meed?

MY COUNTRY, speak! and be th' award decreed!

Let HONOURS, RICHES, round him grateful flow—

YOU GREATLY *rate the Deed*—as GREATLY *then*  
*bestow*!

ANNA MATILDA.

PARIS, *March 15, 1789.*

¶ Since the Printing of the first Edition of these Works, the Correspondence between DELLA CRUSCA and ANNA MATILDA has been renewed;—THE EDITOR therefore thinks it proper to continue their respective Writings up to the present time; as also to insert the beautiful Poems by LAURA, and the one she called forth from LEONARDO, &c. These latter additions are necessary, on account of the subsequent allusions to them, and because the lines signed LEONARDO appear to have been produced by the pen of DELLA CRUSCA.

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### TO ANNA MATILDA.

IN VAIN I FLY THEE—'tis in vain,  
 The swift bark bears me o'er the boist'rous main;  
 For mid the giant shades that sweep  
 The heaving bosom of the deep,  
 When mountain-clouds, lash'd by the gale,  
 Spread o'er the sun their transient veil,  
 THY FORM APPEARS!—I see thee haste  
 Lightly athwart the wild'ring waste!  
 And shake thy burnish'd locks, and smile,  
 I see thee—and adore the while.  
*Do I adore thee?—ah, my Fair!*

Since first thy sweet song sooth'd my heart,  
 I've never known a bliss, a care,  
 But thou, MATILDA, gav'st a part!



When in *HELVETIA*'s groves I lay,  
 For thee my hot sighs stole away,  
 And oft with thee, methought at "*morning's hour*,  
*Seated in crystal roseate tow'rs*,  
*I saw the Goddess Health pursue*  
*The skimming Breeze, thro' fields of Dew*,"  
 While the high Lark with quiv'ring poize,  
 Told the gay story of his vernal joys;  
 And oft as Twilight on the western edge,  
 Had twin'd his hoary hair with sabling sedge,  
 IMAGINATION fondly turn'd to thee,  
 And sought the solace of dear SYMPATHY,  
 Nor yet the yellow RHINE's impetuous waves,  
 A short oblivion of my passion gave;  
 Heedless I trod the sportive banks of RHONE,  
 For ANNA! O I live, I live for thee alone!  
 And when to LAURA's tomb I came,  
 Glowing with PETRARCH's purest flame,  
 As the first drop my pity shed,  
 I started as if thou wert dead!  
 But hark! what cruel sounds are these,  
 Which float upon the languid breeze,  
 Which fill my mind with jealous fear,  
 Ah! \* REUBEN is the name I hear.

\* See REUBEN's Sonnet, and ANNA MATILDA'S Answer,  
 which are inserted in the first Volume of THIS EDITION, but  
 which DELLA CRUSCA had never read till immediately before  
 his writing the above.

For him my faithless ANNA weaves  
 A wreath of Rose, and Myrtle leaves;  
 On which the winged, am'rous Boy  
 Has freely wept with tears of joy—  
 And binding soft her Fav'rite's brows,  
 She mingles her too-tender vows,  
 Hence sounds severe!—no more intrude—  
 Leave me to Peace and Solitude,  
 Leave me to tread Life's varying slope—  
 Leave me awhile to cherish Hope!  
 For e'en *cold Critics* have conceiv'd,

So much alike our measures run,  
 And e'en the *gentle* have believ'd,

That ANNA AND THAT I WERE ONE—  
 Would it were so!—we then might prove

The sacred, settled unity of Love.

O supposition vain! alas!

I've seen seven fleeting lustres pass,

And now the flush of life is o'er,

And if I e'er could please, I please no more.

Yet tho' my hasty youth is flown,

ANNA! I worship thee unknown—

And check for thee my wand'ring course,

And yield to thy mysterious force—

And I again will take my flute,

When slumb'ring Nature's self is mute,

Save where perchance the Aspin wood

That whispers o'er yon Midnight flood,

Shall drop its shatter'd honors round,  
 In seeming sorrow at the sound,  
 And as my faithful voice I raise,  
 With all the fervency of praise,  
 O may I lure thee from thy secret bow'r,  
 To cheer once more my melancholy hour—  
 So shall I grateful bless strong Fate's decree,  
 That bids me still RETURN TO POETRY—and THEE.

## DELLA CRUSCA.

October 28, 1788.

## HIM WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

THOU art no more my bosom's Friend:  
 Here must the sweet Delusion end  
 That charm'd my Senses many a year,  
 Through smiling Summers—Winters drear.

O FRIENDSHIP! am I doom'd to find  
 Thou art a Phantom of the Mind—  
 A glitt'ring Shade, an empty Name,  
 An air-born Vision's vap'rish Flame?  
 And yet the dear Deceit so long  
 Has wak'd to joy my *Matin Song*,  
 Has bid my Tears *forget* to flow,  
 Chas'd ev'ry Pain, sooth'd ev'ry Woe;

That

That TRUTH, unwelcome to my ear,  
 Swells the deep sigh, recalls the tear,  
 Gives to the sense the keenest smart,  
 Checks the warm pulses of the heart,  
 Darkens my fate, and steals away  
 Each gleam of joy thro' life's sad day.

BRITAIN, farewell! I quit thy shore;  
 My Native Country charms no more;  
 No guide, to mark the toilsome road,  
 No destin'd clime, no fix'd abode,  
 Alone and sad, ordain'd to trace,  
 The vast expanse of endless space;  
 To view upon the mountain's height,  
 Thro' varied shades of glimmering light,  
 The distant landscape fade away  
 In the last gleam of parting day;  
 Or in the quiv'ring lucid stream,  
 To watch the pale Moon's silver beam;  
 Or, when in sad and plaintive strains,  
 The mournful PHILOMEL complains,  
 In dulcet notes bewails her fate,  
 Deserted by a FAITHLESS MATE;  
 Inspir'd by Sympathy divine,  
 I'll weep her Woes—FOR THEY ARE MINE.

Driven by my fate, where-e'er I go,  
 O'er burning sands, o'er hills of snow;



Or on the bosom of the wave,  
 The howling tempest doom'd to brave;  
 Where-e'er my lonely course I bend,  
 Thy image shall my steps attend;  
 Each object I am doom'd to see,  
 Shall bid remembrance **PICTURE THEE**.

Yes, I shall **VIEW THEE** in each flow'r  
 That changes with the transient hour;  
 Thy wand'ring fancy I shall find  
 Borne on the wings of every wind;  
 Thy wild impetuous passion trace,  
 O'er the white wave's tempestuous space;  
 In every changing season prove,  
 An emblem of thy wav'ring Love.

Torn from my Country, Friends, and You,  
 The World lies open to my view;  
 New objects shall my mind engage,  
 I will explore th' **HISTORIC PAGE**;  
 Sweet **POETRY** shall soothe my soul,  
**PHILOSOPHY** each pang controul;  
 The **MUSE** I'll seek—her lambent fire  
 My soul's quick senses shall inspire;  
 With finer nerves my heart shall beat,  
 Touch'd by Heav'n's own Promethean heat;  
**ITALIA**'s gales shall bear my song  
 In soft-link'd notes her woods among;

Upon

Upon the blue hill's misty side,  
 Thro' trackless deserts, waste and wide;  
 O'er craggy rocks, whose torrents flow  
 Upon the silver sands below;  
 Sweet LAND of MELODY, 'tis thine  
 The softest passions to refine;  
 Thy myrtle groves, the melting strains,  
 Shall harmonize and soothe my pains.  
 Nor will I cast one thought behind,  
 On *Foes* relentless—*Friends* unkind;—  
 I feel, I feel their poison'd dart  
 Pierce the life nerve within my heart,  
 'Tis mingled with the vital heat  
 That bids my throbbing pulses beat;  
 Soon shall that vital heat be o'er,  
 Those throbbing pulses BEAT *no more*—  
 No!—I will breathe the spicy gale,  
 Plunge the clear stream, new health exhale;  
 O'er my pale cheek diffuse the rose,  
 And DRINK OBLIVION TO MY WOES!

L A U R A

The Muse I'll seek—her sacred shrine  
 My soul's quick senses shall inspire;  
 With sweet notes my heart shall beat,  
 Touch'd by Heav'n's own Promethean heat.  
 In lotus-beds her woods among;  
 To

T O

L A U R A

**L**AURA! I heard thy warbled woes,  
 At fading Twilight's solemn close:  
 They met me in yon dreary vale,  
 Just as the Ringdove ceas'd her tale.  
 A tale like thine, which seem'd to speak,  
 That soon her wounded heart would break!  
 Was it, perhaps, she sought the grove,  
 In lone solicitude of Love?  
 Was it, like thee, a faithless mate  
 She mourn'd too sadly, and too late?  
 Surely it was—for with the note  
 I found such melting anguish float,  
 That watry vapours dimm'd my eye,  
 And **ALL MY SOUL WAS SYMPATHY.**

Nor wonder that I so was mov'd,  
 For I have suffer'd, I have lov'd,  
 Have felt the truest passion burn,  
 Have known th' ecstatic blest return,  
 Have watch'd the look of languor cast,  
 To shew the rig'rous hour was past:  
 Then have I press'd the blushing Fair,  
 With pangs—how diff'rent from despair!

Yet

Yet was the bliss so pure, so chaste,  
 That Seraphs might the rapture taste.  
 Alas ! the joy was doom'd to fade,  
 Like Day's proud flush in Evening shade——  
 The EYE, so settled once, would range——  
 The long-fix'd HEART began to change !

Ah ! then, I thought with thee—to try  
 The only refuge left—and fly.  
 On many a foreign shore to roam,  
 And leave my rending cares at home.  
 Yes, I have trod the ALPINE steep,  
 By rushing Po have stopp'd to weep ;  
 On the loud DANUBE's banks have stood,  
 And Eastward cross'd the CASPIAN flood——  
 'Tis but ILLUSION ;——yet remains  
 Unfaded memory of pains,  
 The circle wid'ning for relief,  
 Has still the central point of grief !  
 Then from th' alluring thought recoil——  
 'Tis desolating fruitless toil !  
 But most avoid ITALIA's coast,  
 Where ev'ry sentiment is lost,  
 Where TREACH'RY reigns, and base DISGUISE,  
 And MURDER—looking to the Skies,  
 While sordid SELFISHNESS appears,  
 In low redundancy of fears.

O ! what



O! what can MUSICK's voice bestow,  
 Or SCULPTUR'D GRACE, or TITIAN GLOW,  
 To recompense the feeling mind  
 For British virtues left behind?  
*Here, rather here, thy ills confound,*  
 To lift the billows roar around,  
 To see the misty Phantoms glide  
 On the choak'd river's willowy side,  
 When the YOUNG MOON aspires to stream  
 Her scanty Crescent's feeblest beam.  
 Then, wistful mark the drenching show'rs  
 'That soil gay Summer's fairest flow'rs;  
 Scorn the fierce storm, the seasons dare,  
 And learn to TRIUMPH, or to BEAR!  
 But if thy sorrow-soften'd heart  
 In vain resists the venom'd dart,  
 With mine thy deep afflictions blend,  
 And for a LOVER LOST, receive a FRIEND.

LEONARDO.

## TO DELLA CRUSCA.

*"And Time, and Youth, and LOVE, must pass away."*

CREECH.

WHILST I danced gaily in the round  
Of Folly, on her fairy ground;  
And play'd, and sung, and laugh'd away  
The feath'ry hours of Life's short day,  
Thy INVOCATION, like the flame  
Which starts from the Electric frame,  
Struck on my heart! I sigh'd, I turn'd,  
And ANNA yet for DELLA CRUSCA mourn'd.  
When wounded PRIDE suffus'd its blush,  
And o'er my nerves its tremors rush.

Ne'er will I "leave my secret bow'r,  
To cheer thy melancholy hour."

Secure within I will remain;  
And smile at thy factitious pain;  
And when thy Poetry so sweet  
Shall next my wand'ring glances meet,  
I'll spare a sigh to moments fled——  
But ANNA shall to thee be dead.

See—to my couch I laughing turn—

*Poetic Passions* vainly burn !

The freshest Rose leaves for my head

Shall form a blushing scented bed ;

The elastic Camomile unprest

Invite the sick'ning heart to rest.

FLORA shall ev'ry gift show'r round,

And bid her bright gems deck the ground,

The MYRTLE only there

Shall ne'er unfold its od'rous boughs,

Ne'er flaunt its blossoms fair,

Frail, and alluring as thy vows !

'Tis Love's devoted Tree——

Oh ! bid it seek some other home,

Nor spread its sweets for me,

Nor shed its poison round my Dome !

Hah ! didst thou hope I should not trace

The mental features of thy face ?

Didst thou believe the thickest veil

Could DELLA CRUSCA'S brow conceal ?

Oh ! how impossible a task

To hide thy radiance in a mask !

Thy living fires destroy the screen,

Thou stand'st confest !—thy form is seen.

Yes, write to LAURA ! speed thy sighs,

Tell her, her DELLA CRUSCA dies ;

In sweetest measures sing thy woes,  
 And speak thy hot Love's ardent throes;—  
 And when it next shall please thy heart  
 Towards some other Pair to start,  
 The gentle Maiden's vers'd in cures  
 For ev'ry ill, fond Love endures.  
 She "*drinks Oblivion*" to its pains—  
 And vows to stain her pallid cheek,  
 With juices of *red Grapes* so sleek,  
 And sings adieus in Bacchanalian strains.

FALSE Lover! TRUEST Poet! now farewell!  
 Hark! in yon *Curfew's* sound is toll'd the knell  
 Of our departed Loves. The pensive tale  
 The surging æther floats across the vale;  
 The Elegiac sound sooths my sad ear,  
 And the moist lid sustains a trembling tear.  
 The crimson veil which decked yon mountain's  
     brow,  
 And glided into gentlest tints, but now,  
 Already blackens down its swelling side,  
 And soon the beauties of the plain will hide—  
*The outstretch'd beauties!* where salubrious toil  
 Calls food, and riches from the sterile soil.  
 O! wond'rous magic! shall great Labour's name,  
 Remain unhallow'd by the voice of Fame?  
 CREATIVE LABOUR! whose all-bounteous hand  
 Drops flow'rs, and fruits, and forests o'er the land;



Who bids th' indented river curving fly,  
Or fix, a silv'ry lake beneath the eye!

But these all sink before the falling Night,  
Who tries to seize the sitting beams of light,  
But the proud light its am'rous touch eludes,  
And a dim shadow o'er the landscape broods.  
Soft drizzling rain, the patter'd trees confess,  
And chilling breezes on my bosom press.

My hair, whose curls late floated o'er my breast,  
Weighty with moisture, clings around my vest—  
Where—where's the hand to press those tresses dry,  
The fond encircling arm, the cheering eye?

Why sigh the winds tumultuous thro' the woods,  
Why weeps the Night in such impetuous floods?  
It is the loss of DELLA CRUSCA's Muse,  
Which thus with sorrow ev'ry plant imbues;  
For never shall again his "*Golden Quill*,"

With magic passion ev'ry bosom thrill.  
He yet may write, but ANNA 'twas alone  
Lured down his guardian Goddess from her throne;  
Who whilst she pour'd the richest of her store,  
And charm'd his heart with bright poetic lore,  
Prophetic, thus his future hist'ry read,  
And wreath'd it in the laurels for his head:

"If false, MATILDA's heart thou e'er should'st wring,  
—And to another Nymph presume to sing,

My

" My inspiration thou no more shalt know,

" My fire in thee, no more divinely flow."

The Goddess spoke, her words were mark'd by fate,  
And DELLA CRUSCA mourns his ANNA's wrongs  
too late!

ANNA MATILDA.

Feb. 26, 1789.

L A U R A

TO ANNA MATILDA.

O ANNA, since thy graceful song  
Can wind the cadence soft among  
The heart's fine nerves, and ravish thence  
The wond'ring Poet's captive sense;  
'Till warm'd by thy electric fire,  
His yielding soul, with fond desire,  
Glow's but for thee——dispel thy fears,  
Nor stain thy downy cheek with tears,  
O quit thy "blushing scented bed,"  
Pluck the pale roses from thy head,  
Again with native lustre shine,  
And round thy polish'd brow th' unfading MYRTLE  
twine.

Subdue the haggard WITCH, whose em'rald eye,  
Darts fell Revēge, and pois'nous Jealousy ; -

Mark, where amidst her ebon hair,  
 The scaly serpents mingling twine,  
 While darting thro' th' infected air,  
 The murd'rous vapours shine!  
 O turn thee, ANNA, quickly turn,  
 Where DELLA CRUSCA's torch shall burn  
 For thee alone; his harp is strung  
 To the soft musick of *thy* tongue;  
*No Verse of mine* his song inspir'd;—  
 Thy notes so lov'd, so long admir'd,  
 Still vibrate in his glowing heart,  
 Where ev'ry chord is tun'd to thy poetie Art.

Ah! let me, for repose, repair,  
 Where Sorrow steals to weep her care,  
 Deep in some cave, or craggy cell,  
 Where the lone Screech Owl loves to dwell.

And O! my cheerless couch I'll spread,  
 While spangled with the lunar dew,  
 The Nightshade, and the baneful Yew,  
 Shall wind about my head.

There will I breathe a strain forlorn,  
 And like a ling'ring wintry morn,  
 Pale and with chilling rays appear,  
 Cold glimm'ring thro' a crystal tear.

Yet let me DELLA CRUSCA's lays admire,  
 Still gaze with hallow'dapture on his fire;

List

Lift his soft tones off melting mood,  
 Sweeter than Ringdove ever coo'd,  
 Tuneful as METASTASIO's tongue,  
 Or plaintive PATRARCH's witching song.

I feel no wish, no selfish joy,  
 Another's transports to destroy;  
 Ambition is not worth the name,  
 That meanly shines with borrow'd fame.  
 —  
 No counterfeited bliss my heart shall own,  
 The conscious Mourner sighs for BAYARD's vows  
 alone.

Since his lov'd voice first caught my ear,  
 Oft have I tried to calm my woe,  
 Oft have I brush'd away the tear—  
 The tear his numbers taught to flow.  
 I seize the Lyre, to sooth my grief,  
 Court mazy Science for relief,  
 Vain is the effort, 'tis in vain—  
 The fierce vibration fills my brain,  
 Burns thro' each aching nerve with poignant smart,  
 And riots cureless in my bleeding heart.  
 'Tis not "the Bacchanalian bowl,"  
 Can free from pain the sick'ning soul;  
 The "brew'd enchantment's" poison sell!  
 The mellow grape's nectareous juice  
 Suits the base mind; its baleful use  
 Throws o'er the sense a torpid spell.

But



But **LETHE'S** pure and limpid stream,  
 Shall calm the thought, from passion's dream;  
 'Tis *there* my breast shall seek repose,  
 And drink "Oblivion to its woes.

**LAURA.**

**TO ANNA MATILDA.**

— At her footstool stands

An Altar burning with eternal fire,

Unfulfilled, unconsumed.

**AKENSIDE.**

**H**EAVEN OF MY HEART! again I hear  
 Thy long-lost voice, but ah! the tear  
 Steals from my lids, and deadly pain  
 Creeps in cold languor thro' each gasping vein.  
 And can that mind I love so well,  
 Thy Soul's deep tone, thy Thought's high swell,  
 The proud poetic fervour, known  
 But in thy breast's prolific zone,  
 Can these combine to curse me? can that gaze,  
 In whose rich orb the FAIRY FANEV plays,  
 Thro' which the charms that ART and NATURE  
 Show  
 Spring to the judgment, and there brighter glow;  
 Can *that* be chang'd to anger? canst thou doom  
 My future wish to dwell upon the tomb?

Canst

Canst thou, SO KEEN OF FEELING! urge my fate  
 And bid me mourn thee, yes, and MOURN TOO LATE?  
 O rash severe decree! my madd'ning brain  
 Cannot the pond'rous agony sustain,  
 But forth I rush, as varying Frenzy leads,  
 To cavern'd lakes, or to the diamond meads,  
 O'er which the sultry noon-beams wide diffuse,  
 And slake their eager thirst with ling'ring Jews,  
 Or to yon sullen slope that shuns the light,  
 Where the black forest weaves meridian night.  
 Disorder'd, lost, from hill to plain I run,  
 And with my Mind's thick gloom obscure the Sun:  
 For nought to me, alas! can now avail  
 The fresh'ning vapours of the perfum'd dale,  
 The distant sea-waves' variegated green,  
 Or the soft languish of Night's eye serene,  
 They cannot yield me comfort, tho' the Spring  
 Should shake spontaneous beauty from her wing,  
 Or guide my footsteps to th' enchanted lawn,  
 Where blushing Pleasure hymns the birth of dawn,  
 Still would I pause to weep, still would I turn  
 From scenes like these, to the neglected Urn  
 That mid some grove in solemn ruin lies,  
 And tells, how the forsaken Lover dies!  
 There would I fondly clasp the broken stone,  
 And whisper ev'ry mental pang I've known,

Repeat

Repeat the dread, inexorable word,  
That stern MATILDA spoke——MATILDA! most  
ador'd!

When at the last year's close of May,  
From thy sweet chains I burst away,  
And dash'd my woe-worn Harp upon the ground,  
Still in my sight Love's rapt'rous hope was found;  
But now all soothing Hope is past; in vain  
I check'd my progress on the midland main,  
In vain to EUROPE'S CONTINENT I came,  
Lur'd by the light of thy poetic flame,  
In vain I bade my wand'ring toil be o'er,  
And on MATILDA call'd with trembling tongue

ONCE MORE.

And think'st thou, ANNA! that my love,  
Like *thine*, could ever faithless prove,  
That in some female REUBEN's praise,  
*I* the impassion'd verse could raise;  
That *I*, so quickly left astray,  
Could wake the warm inconstant lay?  
No—'tho' conceal'd, I struck my lyre,  
When by dull EVENING's fading fire  
Pale ECHO sat: who as she caught the sound,  
Gave the weak murmur to the woods around;  
Yet, 'twas *thy Image* fill'd my mind,—  
I heard a tuneful Phantom in the wind,  
I saw it watch the rising Moon afar,  
Wet with the weepings of the twilight Star;

Affiduous

Affiduous Zephyr told me it was thou,  
And wond'ring, NOT DECEIV'd, I breath'd the  
friendly vow.

If I have wrong'd thee, my hot tears  
Shall melt thy rage, or flow for years;  
For oh! till then, my days shall go  
In deep regret, unalter'd woe,  
In mute reflection, heavy care,  
And SOLITUDE's supreme despair!  
But still for thee my breast shall beat  
With the most faithful honest heat;  
Then save me, save me, let thy radiant smile  
Again restore me, or again beguile;  
With melting music calm my bosom's groan,  
O deign to pity him who loves but thee alone!  
And whither shall I turn from thee?

For in thy absence all things fade;  
FRIENDSHIP, I know, is but a glitt'ring shade,  
A sweet deception—strange uncertainty!  
Nor could AMBITION's busy rage  
An anguish such as mine assuage,  
Vain must the world's best glories prove,  
To fill the vacuum in the heart of love.

How *brightly* spreads the op'ning flow'r!  
What *beauteous* life informs the bow'r!  
How *fair* the streams of curling silver glide!  
How *rich* the harvest waves its golden pride!



'Tis LIGHT's creation all—when *that* retires,  
 The pictures perish, and the charm expires.  
 So the faint colours of my mimic lays,  
 Drew their false lustre from MATILDA's blaze;  
 But soon the tints shall vanish—'tis decreed,  
 And endless darkness come, if SHE recede.

THEN HEAR MY WORD, by that fierce Orb,  
 Whose flame scarce all the skies absorb,  
 By ev'ry winged blast that goes  
 To its full banquet on the Rose;  
 By Truth, eternal, undefil'd,  
 By gentlest Sorrow's warblings wild;  
 By the gay tresses of the Morn;  
 By Earth, and Sea, and Heaven, 'tis sworn,  
 That ne'er again this hand shall fling  
 Its feeble tremors to the string,  
 Till thou, MATILDA! bidst the measure pour,  
 Till then, THY DELLA CRUSCA WRITES NO  
 MORE.

DELLA CRUSCA.

*March 16, 1789.*

TO

## TO DELLA CRUSCA.

**A**MBIGUOUS NATURE form'd the *female heart*

So proud, capricious, cold and warm,

That much she fear'd her FIRST COMMAND

*Inert* would prove, throughout the land;

So gave the counteracting charm—

On *favour'd Man* bestow'd sagacious ART.

Thus whilst my keen resentment flow'd,

Your Vow upon my bosom glow'd;

Sage ANGER instant took her flight,

And from *thy Muse* a joy so bright

Diffus'd itself through all my veins;

That hanging o'er thy charming strains,

My lips spontaneously unclose,

And thus the *proud petition* rose:—

“ O! MONARCH of the Heaven-given lyre!

Thou, who the *Theban Peasant* didst inspire

With radiant knowledge, and poetic taste,

To spread thy numbers o'er the flinty waste—

In my yet darker mind thy beam infuse,

And let me feel the high inspiring muse:

Give me one spark of DELLA CRUSCA's light,

Teach me like him to *think*—to paint—to write!

Pour on my pen his rich abounding lay,

Which EARTH and HEAVEN sublimely can display.

Mark ! how his varying touch makes ever new  
 Objects grown flat, on long accustom'd view ;—  
 E'en Truth itself his pencil can command—  
 IMMUTABLE ! she bends beneath his hand ;  
 In *diff'ring* characters she starts from rust,  
 Deck'd in OPPOSING colours ; yet opposing JUST.”

Thus as I pray'd, unwelcome slumbers came,  
 But lively, wakeful thought remain'd the same—  
 And to APOLLO's Temple led my feet,  
 The same ambitious wishes to repeat.  
 With downcast eyes I near the Altar kneel,  
 And sacred fervours on my bosom steal ;  
 My folded hair devoutly I unbound,  
 And dash'd my once proud laurels on the ground,  
 My robes, more white than the soft down which flies  
 O'er *thistled* deserts thro' autumnal skies,  
 Wide, o'er the tessellated pavement flow'd ;  
 And round, the everlasting tapers glow'd :  
 Again I utter forth my fond desire,  
 But 'midst the incense my proud hopes expire.  
 The Pean'd God now shook his beamy throne,  
 And through the dome indignant radiance shone,  
 “ Presumptuous ANNA !” was the stern reply  
 From HIM, who rolls day's orbit through the sky.  
 “ The mighty boon thou ask'd shall ne'er be thine—  
 PARNASSUS, *hear* ! record the oath divine !

Yet

Yet more—to punish thy aspiring hope  
 Which led thee with MY CHOSEN SON to cope,  
 The small—small portion of celestial flame  
 Thou stol'st from him of the immortal name,  
 Hence MOULDERS!—fades upon thy darken'd soul,  
 Nor leaves one spark, thro' the chill void to roll;  
 Shock'd at my fate, my ready lids unclofe,  
 And the *barsh vision* from my pillow rose!  
 Oh, *barb'rous vision!* which I live to rue—  
 For tho' a dream thou wert—my doom is true;  
 APOLLO's just decree too sure I feel,  
 And on my spirit torpid languors steal.  
 Hah! what avails my DELLA CRUSCA's vow?  
 Poetic ardors fly me now!  
 What! tho' the ROSE's *morning blush*  
 Rivals the Western clouds, which rush  
 To mix their crimson with the gold  
 That round the SINKING SUN is roll'd;—  
 What tho' MAY's *Zephyrs* in the groves,  
 Attentive to the harmonious loves  
 Of the bewitching feather'd race,  
 Forget to breathe on EARTH's *moist face*;—  
 What! tho' the blossoms in the mead,  
 Beneath the heifer's fragrant tread,  
 Exude soft balm upon the wind,  
 And all their mingled sweets unbind;—  
 Yet shall *sad ANNA* never know  
 The boundless sweets which round her flow.



Whether the MOUNTAIN'S *breath* I drink,  
Or midst the Vale's embroid'ry sink,—

FANCY no more will aid the scene,  
Nor flutter o'er me on the Green.  
With liquid step, when the pure stream  
Dancing, shall thro' its borders gleam ;  
When FLORA from her *rainbow wing*  
Shall shake the tints which form the spring,  
When music wanders 'midst the shade,  
When perfumes AIR'S *blue sea* pervade,  
A WINTER o'er my mind will spread,  
Nor tints nor scents, nor liquid streams be read.

HAPLESS MY FATE ! unoccupy'd, unblest !  
Sick'ning with ease—*bating* the tasteless rest—  
Whilst LAURA still may dress the lay  
In all the lustre of the day ;  
With such sweet pensiveness complain,  
That mortals are in love with pain ;  
And when the tender notes they scan,  
Scarce see—THE WRITER IS A MAN ;  
For, ah ! they fall like APRIL'S *now*  
Upon the Crocus' purple glow ;  
Soft, as the flutt' rings of the fainting gale,  
Oppress'd by LEO, flaming o'er the vale !  
But shall not DELLA CRUSCA sue  
For her who to HIS MUSE is true ?  
For ONE, who round her heart hath wreath'd  
All the rich strains he ever breath'd ;—

Will He not strive to break th' avenging rod?—  
 Oh fly, *thou Poet blest*, AND STRUGGLE WITH THE  
 GOD!

ANNA MATILDA.

PARIS, *March 29, 1789.*

*THE INTERVIEW.*

O WE HAVE MET, and now I call  
 On yon dark clouds that as they fall,  
 Sweep their long show'rs across the plain,  
 Or mingle with the clam'rous main.

Alas! I call them, here to pour  
 Around my head their gather'd store,  
 While the loud gales which speed away  
 To the far edge of weeping day,  
 Mid the tumultuous gloom shall bear  
 On their wet wings my sigh'd despair.

OF LATE—where confluent torrents crash,  
 I paused to view the mazy dash  
 Of waters, shattering in the twilight beam;  
 While oft my wand'ring eye would trace  
 The distant forest's solemn grace,  
 As o'er its black robe hung the tawny gleam.  
 Nor then on joys gone by, my Memory dwelt;  
 Nor all the pangs which wounded Friendship felt;

A a 3

But

But ANNA, tho' *unknown*, usurp'd my mind,

Alone she claim'd the tributary tear,

For ev'ry solace, ev'ry charm combin'd

In the sweet madd'nings of her song sincere: O

Sudden I turn—for from a young grove's shade,

Whose infant boughs but mock th' expecting glade,

Sweet sounds stole forth—upborne upon the gale,

Press'd thro' the air, and broke amidst the vale,

Then *silent* walk'd the breezes of the plain,

Or lightly wanton'd where the corn-flow'r blows,

Or 'mongst the od'rous wild-thyme sought repose,

Or soar'd aloft and seized the hov'ring strain.

As the fond Lark, whose clear and piercing shake

Bids Morning on her crimson bed awake,

Hears from the greensward seat his fav'rite's cry,

Drops thro' the heavens, and scorns the glowing sky:

So I, soul-touch'd, th' impetuous Cat rack leave,

And almost seem th' ethereal waste to cleave;

Allured, entranc'd, I rush amidst the wood,

AND THERE THE SOFT MUSICIAN, CONSCIOUS

STOOD.

Ah! 'twas no visionary Fair,

Imagination's bodied air,

That now with strong illusion caught,

Mental creations fled my thought,

A *living* Angel bless my sight,

Strung ev'ry nerve to new delight,

With



With joy's full tide bedew'd my cheek,  
'Twas ANNA's self I saw, nor HAD I POWER TO

SPEAK.

O then I led her to the woven bow'r,

Where slept the Woodbine's shelter'd flow'r,

Where bending o'er the Violet's bed

The Rose its liquid blushes shed;

While near the feather'd Mourner hung

Such plaints from his enamour'd tongue,

That all subdued at my MATILDA's feet,

I sunk but with an agony more sweet,

Than favour'd moral e'er before had proved,

Or ever yet *conceiv'd*, unless like *me* he loved.

SHE SPOKE but O! no sound was heard

Of the wanton, rapt'rous bird,

That climbs the morning's upmost sky,

When first the golden vapours fly;

But fainter was the moving measure,

Than the Linnet's noontide leisure

Lets the sultry breezes steal——

Dar'st thou, my tongue! the tale reveal?

“ILL FATED BARD!” she cried, “whose length-  
ning grief

“Had won the pathos of my lyre's relief,

“For whom, full oft, I've loiter'd to rehearse

“In phrenzied mood the deep impassion'd verse,

“ILL-fated



" Ill-fated Bard ! from each frail hope remove,

" And thun the certain Suicide of Love :

" Lean not to me, *th' impassion'd verse is o'er,*

" Which chain'd thy heart, and forced thee to adore :

" For O ! observe where haughty DUTY stands,

" Her form in radiance dress'd, her eye severe,

" Eternal Scorpions writhing in her hands,

" To urge th' offender's *unavailing* tear !

" Dread Goddess, I obey ! —

" Ah ! smoothe thy awful terror-striking brow,

" Hear and record MATILDA's sacred vow !

" Ne'er will I quit th' undeviating LINE,

" Whose SOURCE THOU art, and THOU the LAW

DIVINE.

" The Sun shall be subdued, his system fade,

" Ere I forsake the path thy FIAT made ;

" Yet grant one soft regretful tear to flow,

" Prompted by pity for a Lover's woe,

" O grant *without* REVENGE one bursting sigh,

" Ere from his desolating grief I fly. —

" 'Tis past, — Farewel ! ANOTHER claims my heart,

" Then wing thy sinking steps, for here we part,

" WE PART ! and listen, for the word is MINE,

" ANNA MATILDA NEVER CAN BE THINE !"

She ceas'd, and sudden, like an evening wind

Rushing, some prison'd tempest to unbind,

And

And all regardless of the scenes it leaves,  
 Skimming o'er bending blooms, and russet sheaves,  
 MATILDA fled! the closing Night pursued,  
 And the cold INGRATE scarce I longer view'd!  
 Her form grew indistinct—each step more dim,  
 And now a distant vapour seems to swim,  
 Her white robe glistens on my eye no more,  
 Its strainings all are vain—THE FOND DELUSION'S

O'ER.

MY SONG SUBSIDES, yet ere I close  
 The ling'ring lay that feeds my woes,  
 Ere yet forgotten DELLA CRUSCA runs  
 To torrid gales, or petrifying funs,  
 Ere bow'd to earth my latest feeling flies,  
 And the big passion settles on my eyes;  
 O may this sacred sentiment be known,  
 That my adoring heart is ANNA'S OWN;  
 YES, ALL HER OWN, and tho' ANOTHER claim  
 Her mind's rich treasure, still I love the same;  
 And tho' ANOTHER, O how blest! has felt  
 Her soften'd soul in dear delirium melt,  
 While from her gaze the welcome meaning sprung,  
 As on her neck in frantic joy he hung,  
 Yet I *will* bear it, and tho' Hell deride,  
 My pangs shall *soothe*, my curse shall be my pride.  
 Nor can HE boast like me; O no, HE found  
 The tranquilizing balm that cures the wound;

He

He never knew the loftier bliss, to rave,  
 Without a pow'r to aid, a chance to save;  
 He never bath'd him in the Nightshade's dew,  
 Nor drank the pois'nous meteors as they flew,  
 Nor told his rending story to the Moon,  
 Link'd with the demons of her direst noon;  
 He never *smiled* Distraction's ills to share,  
 Nor gain'd th' exalted glory of despair.

Then be it HIS, for many a year t' enfold  
 Those charms, and wanton in her curls of gold,  
 Drain the sweet fountain of her eye's fond stream,  
 And fancy suff'rance but the wretch's *dream*;  
 While *I* will prove that I deserve my fate,  
 Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate,  
 With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,  
 That envying fiends shall think it *EXTRACY*,  
 And with fierce taunts my cherish'd griefs invade,  
 Till on my pow'rless tongue the last "*MATILDA*"  
 fade.

## DELLA CRUSCA.

## T. O. DELLA CRUSCA,

Who said, "When I am dead, write my Elegy."

ibimus, ibimus,  
Utunque precedes, supremum  
Carpere iter comites parati.

**Y**ES, I would write! the sad command  
Lives in each melancholy throb  
Which lifts my heart. Thy ANNA's hand,  
When Death that melting eye shall rob  
Of the blue flames which flashing there,  
Thy burning soul so well declare—  
Thy ANNA's hand that soul shall then disclose,  
And by indulging, charm her weary woes.

Forth would I rush, whilst Night's dim orb  
The blackest vapours of the sky absorb;  
And should a lingering Star with glittering beam,  
Send thro' the air its silvery stream,  
I'd tell it DELLA CRUSCA WAS NO MORE—

Strait would its glittering beam be sad;  
And the wide heavens in darkness clad  
Would join to mourn, whom I should then deplore.

Quick



Quick to the cypress forest I would hie,  
 Whose thick gloom never drank the healthful sky,  
 And from its deepest central spot,  
 Where Misery had rais'd her flinty grot,  
 A bough I'd tear;  
 Whilst shrieking thro' the ebon air  
 The Night Bird's voice would dismal echo wake,  
 And with its lorn complaints the resting vallies shake.  
 Then would I find where yew-trees wave  
 O'er some unhappy Lover's grave,  
 Their desolated shade;  
 And from their baleful branches brush  
 The pois'nous dew;—or madly crush  
 The juices from the riven rind  
 That ne'er again the naked trunk should bind.  
 My chosen cypress reed I'd then immerse,  
 And calling on the Muse of melancholy verse,  
 With the YEW'S TEARS I'd story all my woe,  
 Nor should a mingling TEAR of MINE presume to flow.

No! I would scorn to weep. The glorious grief  
 Should gorge upon my heart, and spurn relief.

*How* I would write of DELLA CRUSCA dead!

O! I would weave such verse, that round my head

The Demons of the Night

Arrested in their wheeling flight,

Should learn to pity and to mourn,

And curse their bounded pow'r,

Which would not let them say RETURN! RETURN!

I'd paint his form, and every varying grace  
 Impress'd by **FEELING** on his manly face,  
 Then should for ever live his **SAPPHIRE EYE**,  
 And tho' his **senate heart** in earth dissolves,  
 As **Time**, obliterating, round revolves,  
**THAT BEAM** at least should never, never die!

But O! how should I paint his mind,  
 A taste so true, and so refin'd!  
 How should I speak of his **IMMORTAL MUSE**  
 That now can such delight diffuse?  
 A Muse which *forms* a **NATION'S TASTE**!  
 And o'er the weedy waste  
 Of long-neglected Poetry had thrown  
 A vivid light, which so sublimely shone,  
 That to its source ten thousand poets flew,  
 And form'd their songs, and tun'd their harps anew.

But yes! e'en of **HIS MUSE** I'd speak;  
 And tho' I know the swelling theme  
 Would shake my soul, till in th' extreme  
 Of strong sensation every nerve would break;  
 Yet having then fulfill'd my task,  
*Done, what last night's* soft shadows heard him ask,  
 What could I next but die?  
 Yes, I would court *him mainly sam'd*  
**THE KING OF TERRORS!** Oh, how *lightly* nam'd!

B b Would

Would he not be my bosom's friend ?  
 Would not the sighs his agonies would rend  
 From my torn heart, be passports bright  
 To wing me to the fields of living light ;  
 Where, from the rapt seraphic throng  
*My DELLA CRUSCA's* powerful song  
 Would be the first to seize my ear,  
 And make me feel that HEAVEN WAS NEAR ?  
 Come then, *pale King!* feed on our feeble breath ;  
 O! come, thou stay'st too long—too long, ENCHANT-  
 ING DEATH.

ANNA MATILDA.

June 19, 1789.

P O S T S C R I P T.

*It is probable the intelligent Reader may suppose, that the two Poems signed EMMA and HENRY, are from the Pens of ANNA MATILDA and DELLA CRUSCA;—on this we cannot absolutely decide ; but we are well assured that the charming Productions of LAURA, are not to be ascribed to either of those Writers.*



